

COMEDY

As it is Acted at the

THEATER ROYAL,

BY

Their MAJESTIES Servants

Written by

Sir **GEORGE ETHEREGE**

L O N D O N,

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and *T. Bennet, 1693.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Oliver Cockwood,
and
Sir Joslin Jolly,
Mr. Courtall,
and
Mr. Freeman,
My Lady Cockwood,
Ariana,
and
Gatty,
Mrs. Sentry,

Two Country Knights.

Two honest Gentlemen of the
Town.

Two young Ladies, Kinswo-
men of Sir Joslin Jolly's.

My Lady Cockwood's Gentle-
woman.

Mrs. Gazette,
and

Mrs. Trincket,
Mr. Rake-bell,
Thomas,

Two Exchange-Women.

A Knight of the Industry.
Sir Oliver Cockwood's Man.

A Servant belonging to Mr. Courtall.

Waiters, Fiddlers, and other Attendants.

She wou'd if She cou'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Courtall and Freeman, and a Servant

brushing Courtall.

Court. **S**O, so, 'tis well; let the Coach be made ready;

Serv. It shall, Sir.

Court. Well, *Freem.* what is to be done to day?

Free. Faith, I think we must e'en follow the old

Trade; eat well, and prepare our selves with

A Bottle or two of good *Burgundy*, that our

Old Acquaintance may look lovely in our Eyes:

For, for ought as I see, there is no hopes of new.

Court. Well! this is grown a wicked Town, it was

Otherwise in my Memory; a Gentleman

Should not have gone out of his Chamber;

But some Civil Officer or other of the Game

Wou'd have been with him, and have given him

Notice, where he might have had a Course or

Two in the Afternoon.

Free. Truly, a good motherly Woman of my Acquaintance

Tother day, talking of the Sins of the Times,

Told me, with Tears in her Eyes, That there are a

Company of higgling Rascals, who, partly

For themselves, but more especially for some

Secret Friends, daily forestall the Markets;

Nay, and that many Gentlemen, who formerly had

Been Persons of great Worth and Honour, are, of late,

For some private Reasons, become their own Purveyors,

To the utter Decay and Discouragement

Of Trade and Industry.

Court. I know there are some wary Merchants,

Who never trust their Business to a Factor;

But for my part, I hate the Fatigue, and had

He can be taught to back my own Cat, and then
his own Hawks, then endure the Impudence
Of bringing a young Wench to the Lure.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there is a Gentlewoman below
Desires to speak with you.

Court. Ha, *Fretman*, this may be
Some lucky Adventure.

Serv. She ask'd me, if you were alone.

Court. And did not you say Ay?

Serv. I told her, I would go see.

Court. Go, go down quickly, and tell her, I am
Franck; prithee let me put thee into this
Closet awhile.

Free. Why, may not I see her?

Court. On my life, thou shalt have fair play,
And go halves, if it be a purchase that may with
Honour be divided; you may over-hear all:
But for decency sake, in, in, Man.

Free. Well, good Fortune attend thee.

Enter Mrs. Sentry.

Court. Mrs. *Sentry*, this is a Happiness
Beyond my Expectation.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Court. I hope your Lady's come to Town?

Sent. Sir *Oliver*, my Lady, and the whole Family.
Well! we have had a sad time in the Country:
My Lady's so glad she's come to enjoy the Freedom
Of this place again, and, I dare say, longs to have
The Happiness of your Company.

Court. Did she send you hither?

Sent. Oh no; if she should but know, that I did such a
Confident trick, she'd think me a good one,
Ffaith: the Zeal I have to serve you, made me
Venture to call in my Way to the Exchange,
To tell you the good News, and to let you know
Our Lodgings are in *Jamess's-street*, at the Black Posts,
Where we lay the last Summer.

Court. Indeed it is very obligingly done.

Sent. But I must needs desire you to tell my Lady,
That you came to the knowledge of this by some
Lucky chance or other; for I would not be discovered
For a World.

Court. Let me alone, I warrant thee.

Enter

Serv. Sir Oliver Cockwood, Sir, is come to wait on you.
Serv. Oh, Heaven! my Master! my Lady, and my self
Are both undone, undone—

Court. 'sDeath! why did you not tell him I was busie?

Serv. For Heavens sake, Mr. Courtall,
What shall I do?

Court. Leave, leave trembling, and creep into the
Wood-Hole here.

[She goes into the Wood-Hole.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Court. Sir Oliver Cockwood!

[Embraces him.

Sir Oliv. Honest Ned Courtall, by my troth, I think
Thou tak'st me for a pretty Wench, thou
Hugg'st me so very close and heartily.

Court. Only my Joy to see you, Sir Oliver,
And to welcome you to Town.

Sir Oliv. Methinks, indeed, I have been an Age absent,
But I intend to redeem the time; and how, and how
Stand Affairs 'prethee now? Is the Wine good?
Are the Women kind?

Well, faith a Man had better be a Vagabond
In this Town, than a Justice of Peace in the
Country: I was e'en grown a Sor, for want
Of Gentleman-like Recreations: If a Man
Do but rap out an Oath, the People start.
As if a Gun went off; and if one chance
But to couple himself with his Neighbour's
Daughter, without the help of the Parson of
The Parish, and leave a little Testimony of
His kindness behind him, there is presently
Such an Uproar, that a poor Man is fain to
Fly his Country; as for Drunkenness, 'tis true,
It may be us'd without Scandal, but the Drink
Is so abominable, that a Man would forbear it,
For fear of being made out of love with the Vice.

Court. I see, Sir Oliver, you continue still
Your old Humour, and are resolv'd to break
Your sweet Lady's Heart.

Sir Oliv. You do not think me sure so barbarously
Unkind, to let her know all this; no, no, these
Are Secrets fit only to be trusted to such
Honest Fellows as thou art.

Court. Well may I, poor Sinner, be excus'd, since
A Woman of such rare Beauty, such incomparable
Parts, and of such an unblemish'd

Reputation,

Reputation, is not able to reclaim you from
These wild Courses, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver. To say the truth, she is a Wife, that no Man
Need be ashamed of.

Court. I vow, Sir Oliver, I must needs blame you,
Considering how tenderly she loves you.

Sir Oliver. Ay, Ay; the more is her Misfortune,
And mine too. Ned: I would willingly give thee
A pair of the best Coach-Horses in my Stable,
So thou couldst but persuade her
To love me less.

Court. Her Vertue and my Friendship, sufficiently
Secure you against that, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver. I know thou wert never married;
But has it never been thy Misfortune to have
A Mistress love thee thus entirely?

Court. It never has been my good Fortune, Sir Oliver.
But why do you ask this Question?

Sir Oliver. Because then, perchance, thou mightst have
Been a little sensible, what a damn'd trouble it is.

Court. As how, Sir Oliver?

Sir Oliver. Why look thee, thus: For a Man cannot be
Altogether ungrateful, sometimes one is oblig'd
To kiss, and fawn, and toy, and lie fooling an hour
Or two, when a Man had rather, if it were not for
The Disgrace sake, stand all that while in the Pillory,
Paulted with rotten Eggs and Oranges.

Court. This is a very hard case indeed, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliver. And then the Inconvenience of keeping
Regular Hours; but above all, that damn'd Fie!
Jealousie, does so possess these passionate Lovers,
That I protest, Ned, Under the Rose be it spoken,
If I chance to be a little prodigal in my Expence,
On a private Friend, or so, I am call'd to so strict
An account at night, that, for Quietness sake, I am
Often forc'd to take a Dose of Castor-oil,
To make up the Summ.

Court. Indeed, Sir Oliver, every thing consider'd,
You are not so much to be envay'd,
As one may rashly imagine.

Sir Oliver. Well, a Pox of this tying Man and Woman
Together, for better, for worse! Upon my Conscience,
It was but a Trick, that the Clergy might have
A feeling in the Cause.

Court. I do not conceive it to be much for their
Profit, Sir Oliver: for I dare lay a good Wager,
Let 'em but allow Christian Liberty, and they

Shall get ten times more by Christ's Love,
Than they are like to lose by Marriages.

Sir Oliv. Faith, thou hast hit it right, Ned;
And now thou talk'st of Christian Liberty,
Prithee, let us dine together to day,
And be swingingly merry, but with all Secrecy.

Court. I shall be glad of your good Company, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. I am to call on a very honest Fellow, whom
I left here hard by, making a Visit, Sir Joslin Jolly,
A Kinsman of my Wife's, and my Neighbour in the
Country: We call Brothers, he came up to Town
With me, and lodgeth in the same House;
He has brought up a couple of the prettiest Kindwomen,
Heirelles of a very good Fortune: Would thou
Hadt the instructing of 'em a little.
Faith, if I am not very much mistaken,
They are very prone to the Study
Of the Mathematicks.

Court. I shall be beholden to you
For so good an Acquaintance.

Sir Oliv. This Sir Joslin is in great Favour with my
Lady, one that she has an admirable good
Opinion of, and will trust me with him
Any where; but to say truth, he is as arrant
A Sinner as the best of us, and will boggle at
Nothing that becomes a Man of Honour.
We will go and get leave of my Lady;
For it is not fit I should break out so soon,
Without her Approbation, Ned.

Court. By no means, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Where shall we meet about an hour hence?

Court. At the French House, or the Bear.

Sir Oliv. At the French House by all means.

Court. Agreed, Agreed.

Sir Oliv. Would thou could'st bring a fourth Man.

Court. What think you of Frank Freeman?

Sir Oliv. There cannot be a better well-
Servant, Ned; Servant, Ned!

Court. Your Servant, Sir Oliver.

Mrs. Sentry!

Sent. In the Hole. Is he gone?

Court. Ay, Ay! You may venture to bolt now.

Sent. crawling out. Oh, Heavens! I would not
Endure such another Fright.

Court. Come, come, prithee be compos'd.

Sent. I shall not be my self again this Fortnight;
I never was in such a taking, days of my life.

[Ex. Sir Oliver.]

To have been found false, and so on, who
Say truth, has been always very kind
And civil to me: but above all, it was concern'd
For my Lady's Honour——

Court. Come, come—— there's no harm done.

Sent. Ah! Mr. Courtall, you do not know Sir *Oliver*
So well as I do; he has strange Humours sometimes,
And has it enough in his Nature to play the
Tyrant, but that my Lady and my self
Aw him by our Policy.

Court. Well, well, all's well. Did you not hear
What a tearing Blade Sir *Oliver* is?

Sent. Ah! 'tis a vile dissembling Man. How fairly
He carries it to my Lady's Face! But I dare not
Discover him, for fear of betraying my self.

Court. Well, Mrs. *Sentry*, I must dine with 'em,
And after I have enter'd them with a Beer-glass,
Or two, if I can, I will slip away,
And pay my Respects to your Lady.

Sent. You need not question your welcome,
I assure you, Sir—— Your Servant, Sir.

Court. Your Servant, Mrs. *Sentry*; I am very sensible
Of this Favour, I assure you.

Sent. I am proud it was in my power
To oblige you, Sir.

Court. *Freeman*! Come, come out of thy Hole;
How hast thou been able to contain?

Free. Faith, much ado, the Scene was very pleasant;
But, above all, I admire thy Impudence,
I cou'd never have had the Face to have
Whedled the poor Knight so.

Court. Pish, Pish; 'twas both necessary and honest:
We ought to do all we can to confirm
A Husband in the good Opinion of his Wife.

Free. Pray how long, if, without offence, a Man may
Ask you; Have you been in good Grace with this Person
Of Honour? I never knew you had that
Commendable Quality of Secrecy before.

Court. You are mistaken, *Freeman*; things go not
As you wickedly imagine.

Free. Why, hast thou lost all sense of Modesty?
Dost thou think to pass these gross Whedles on
Me too? Come, come; this good News shou'd make
Thee a little merrier. Faith, though she be an old
Acquaintance, she has the advantage of four or five
Months Absence. Alas, I know not how proud
You are, but I have thought my self very spruce

She would if She cou'd.

Ere now in an old Sute, that has been brnsh'd
And laid up awhile.

Court. *Freeman*, I know in Cases of this Nature thou
Art an Infidel; but yet methinks the Knowledge
Thou hast of my sincere dealing with my
Friends should make thee a little more confiding.

Free. What devilish Oath could she invent to
Fright thee from a Discovery?

Court. Wilt thou believe me, if I swear, the Preservation
Of her Honour, has been my Fault, and not hers?

Free. This is something.

Court. Why then, know that I have still been as
Careful to prevent all Opportunities, as she has been to
Contrive 'em; and still have carried it so like
A Gentleman, that she has not had the least suspicion
Of Unkindness. She is the very Spirit of Impertinence,
So foolishly fond and troublesome, that no Man above
Sixteen is able to endure her.

Free. Why did you engage thus far then?

Court. Some Conveniences which I had by my
Acquaintance with the Sot her Husband, made
Me extraordinary civil to her, which presently
By her Ladiship was interpreted after the manner
Of the most obliging Women. This Wench came
Hither by her Commission to day.

Free. With what Confidence she deny'd it!

Court. Nay, that's never wanting, I assure you:
Now is it expected I should lay by all other
Occasions, and watch every Opportunity to wait
Upon her; she would by her good Will give her
Lover no more rest, than a young Squire that
Has newly set up a Coach, does his only Pair of Horses.

Free. Faith, if it be as thou say'st, I cannot much
Blame the Hardness of thy Heart. But did
Not the Oaf talk of two young Ladies?

Court. Well remember'd, *Frank*, and now I think
On't, 'twill be very necessary to carry on my Business
With the old one, that we may the better have
An Opportunity of being acquainted with them.
Come, let us go, and bespeak Dinner, and by the
Way consider of these weighty Affairs.

Free. Well, since there is but little ready Money
Stirring, rather than want Entertainment,
I shall be contented to play awhile upon Tick.

Court. And I, provided they promise fair, and we find
There's hopes of Payment hereafter.

Free. Come along, come along.

She would if She cou'd.

SCENE II.

Sir Oliver Cockwood's Lodgings.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. Cock. 'Tis too late to repent : I sent her, but yet
I cannot but be troubled to think she stays so long :
Sure, if she has so little Gratitude to let him, he has
More Honour than to attempt any thing to the
Prejudice of my Affection—— Oh—— *Sentry*, are you come ?

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh Madam ! there has been such an Accident !

La. Cock. Pristhee do not fright me, Wench——

Sent. As I was discoursing with Mr. *Courtall*, in came
Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. Oh!—— I'm ruin'd—— undone for ever !

Sent. You'll still be sending me on these desperate
Errands.

La. Cock. I am betray'd, betray'd—— by this
False—— what shall I call thee ?

Sent. Nay, but, Madam—— have a little patience——

La. Cock. I have lost all Patience, and will never
More have any——

Sent. Do but hear me, all is well——

La. Cock. Nothing can be well, unfortunate Woman !

Sent. Mr. *Courtall* thrust me into the Wood-hole.

La. Cock. And did not *Sir Oliver* see thee ?

Sent. He had not the least Glimpse of me——

La. Cock. Dear *Sentry*—— and what good News ?

Sent. He intends to wait upon you in the
Afternoon, Madam——

La. Cock. I hope you did not let him know I sent you.

Sent. No, no, Madam—— I'll warrant you I did every
Thing much to the Advantage of your Honour.

La. Cock. Ah, *Sentry*! if we could but think of some
lucky Plot now to get *Sir Oliver* out of the way,

Sent. You need not trouble your self about that,
Madam, he has engag'd to dine with Mr. *Courtall* at the
French House, and is bringing *Sir Joslin Jolly* to get
Your good Will : when Mr. *Courtall* has fix'd 'em
With a Beer-Glass or two, he intends to steal
Away, and pay his Devotion to your Ladiship.

La. Cock. Truly, he is a Person of much Worth
And Honour..

Sent.

She would if She could.

Sent. Had you but been there, Madam, to have Over-heard Sir *Oliver's* Discourse, he would have Made you bless your self; there is not such another Wild Man in the Town; all his Talk was of Wenching and swearing, and drinking, and tearing.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay, *Sentry*; I know he'll talk of Strange Matters behind my back; but if he be not An abominable Hypocrite at home, and am not I a Woman easily to be deceived, he is not able To play the Spark abroad thus, I assure you.

Enter Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin; Sir Joslin singing.

My dearest Dear, this is kindly done of thee
To come home agen thus quickly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, my Dear, thou shalt never have any Just Cause to accuse me of Unkindness.

La. Cock. Sir *Joslin*, now you are a good Man, and I shall trust you with Sir *Oliver* agen.

Sir Jos. Nay, if I ever break my word with a Lady, I will be deliver'd bound to Mrs. *Sentry* here, And she shall have leave to carve me for a Capon.

Sent. Do you think I have a Heart cruel enough For such a bloody Execution.

Sir Jos. Kindly spoke, I faith, Girl; I'll give thee A Bull for that.

[*Kisses her.*]

La. Cock. Fie, fie, Sir *Joslin*, this is not seemly in my Presence.

Sir Jos. We have all our Failings, Lady, and this is Mine: A right bred Grey-hound can as well forbear Running after a Hare, when he sees her; as I can Mumbling a pretty Wench, when she comes in my way.

La. Cock. I have heard, indeed, you are a parlous Man, Sir *Joslin*.

Sir Jos. I seldom brag, Lady; but for a true Cock of The Game, little *Joslin* dares match with the best of 'em.

Sir Oliv. Sir *Joslin's* merry, my Dear.

La. Cock. Ay, Ay; if he should be wicked, I know Thou art too much a Gentleman, to offer an Injury To thine own dear Lady.

Sir Jos. Faith, Madam, you must give my Brother *Cockwood* leave to dine abroad to day.

La. Cock. I protest, Sir *Joslin*, you begin to make Me hate you too; well you are e'en grown as bad As the worst of 'em, you are still robbing me of The sweet Society of Sir *Oliver*.

Sir Jos. Come, come; your Discipline is too

She wou'd if She cou'd.

Severe, i'faith, Lady.

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* may do what he pleases, Sir ;
He knows I have ever been his obedient Lady.

Sir *Oliv.* Prithce, my Dear, be not angry,
Sir *Joseph* was so earnest in his Invitation, that none
But a Clown could have refus'd him.

Sir *Jos.* Ay, Ay ; we dine at my Uncle
Sir *Joseph* Jolly's Lady.

La. Cock. Will you be sure now to be a good Dear,
And not drink, nor stay out late ?

Sir *Jos.* I'll engage for all, and if there be no
Harm in a merry Catch, or a waggish Story-----

Enter Ariana, and Mrs. Gatty.

Ha, Ha ! Sly-Girl, and Mad-Cap, are you got up ?
I know what you have been meditating on ;
But never trouble your Heads, let me
Alone to bring you Consolation.

Gatty. We have often been beholden to you, Sir ;
For every time he's drunk, he brings us
Home a Couple of fresh Servants.

Sir *Oliv.* Well, farewell, my Dear, prithee do not
Sigh thus, but make thee ready, visit, and be merry.

La. Cock. I shall receive most Satisfaction
In my Chamber.

Sir *Jos.* Come, come along, Brother : Farewel
One and all ; Lady and Sly-Girl, Sly-Girl and Mad-Cap ;
Your Servant, your Servant-----

[Exit Sir Oliver, and Sir Joslin singing.]

La. Cock. to *Sentry* aside.] *Sentry*, is the New Point
I thought, come home A-and is every thing in a Readiness ?

Sent. Every thing, Madam.

La. Cock. Come, come up quickly then, Girl, and
Dress me.

[Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry.]

Aria. Dost not thou wonder, *Gatty*, she should be
So strangely fond of this Coxcomb ?

Gatty. Well, if she does not dissemble, may I still
Be discover'd when I do ; didst thou not see how
Her Countenance chang'd, as soon as ever their
Backs were turn'd, and how earnestly she whisper'd
With her Woman ? there is some weighty Affair.
In hand, I warrant thee : My dear *Ariana*, how
Glad am I we are in this Town-agen.

Aria. But we have left the Benefit of the fresh
Air, and the Delight of wandering in the
Pleasant Groves.

Gatty. Very pretty things for a young Gentlewoman
To bemoan the Loss of indeed, that's newly come to
A Relish of the good things of this World.

Aria. Very good, Sister!

Gatty. Why, hast not thou promis'd me
A thousand times to leave of this Demureness?

Aria. But you are so quick.

Gatty. Why, would it not make any one mad to hear
Thee bewail the Loss of the Country? Speak
But one grave Word more, and it shall be my daily
Prayers thou may'st have a jealous Husband, then
You'll have enough of it, I warrant you.

Aria. It may be, if your Tongue be not altogether
So nimble, I may be conformable: But I hope
You do not intend we shall play such mad Freaks
As we did last Summer?

Gatty. 'sLife, dost thou think we come here to be
Mew'd up, and take only the Liberty of going from our
Chamber to the Dining-Room, and from the
Dining-Room to our Chamber again? and like a
Bird in a Cage, with two Perches only, to hop
Up and down, up and down?

Aria. Well, thou art a mad Wench.

Gatty. Would'st thou never have us go to a Play
But with our grave Relations, never take the Air but
With our grave Relations? To feed their Pride,
And make the World believe it is in their Power
To afford some Gallant or other a good Bargain?

Aria. But I am afraid we shall be known again.

Gatty. Pish! the Men were only acquainted with
Our Vizards, and our Petticoats, and they are wore
Out long since: How I envy that Sex; Well! We
Cannot plague 'em enough, when we have it in
Our Power, for those Privileges which Custom
Has allow'd 'em above us.

Aria. The truth is, they can run and ramble here
And there, and every where, and we, poor Fools,
Rather think the better of 'em.

Gatty. From one Play-house, to the other Play-house,
And if they like neither the Play, nor the Women,
They seldom stay any longer than the combing
Of their Perriwigs, or a whisper or two with
A Friend; and then they cock their Caps, and out they
Strut again.

Aria. But whatsoever we do, prithee now let us
Resolve to be mighty honest.

Gatty. There I agree with thee.

Aria. And if we find the Gallants like lawless Subjects, who the more their Princes grant,
The more they impudently crave.

Gatty. We'll become absolute Tyrants, and deprive 'Em of all the Privileges we gave 'em-----

Aria. Upon these Conditions I am contented to trail
A Pike under thee----- March along, Girl.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Mulberry Garden.**Enter Courtall and Freeman.*

Court. WAS there ever a Couple of Fops better match'd,
Than these two Knights are?

Free. They are Harp and Violin, Nature has so
Tun'd 'em, as if she intended they should
Always play the Fool in Consort.

Court. Now is Sir *Oliver* secure; for he dares not go
Home 'till he's quite drunk; and then he grows
Valiant, insults, and defies his Sweet Lady;
For which, with Prayers and Tears, he's forc'd
To feign a bitter Repentance the next Morning.

Free. What do we here idling in the Mulberry Garden?
Why do not we make this Visit then?

Court. Now art thou as mad upon this Trail, as if
We were upon a hot Scent.

Free. Since we know the Bush, why do we not start
The Game?

Court. Gently, good *Franck*: First, know, that the Laws
Of Honour prescrib'd in such nice Cases, will
Not allow me to carry thee along with me; and next,
Hast thou so little Wit to think, that a discreet
Lady, that has had the Experience of so much humane
Frailty, can have so good an Opinion of the Constancy
Of her Servant, as to lead him into Temptation?

Free. Then we must not hope her Ladiship shou'd
Make us acquainted with these Gentlewomen.

Court. Thou may'st as reasonably expect, that an
Old Rook should bring a young Snap acquainted
With his Bubble; but Advantages may be
Hereafter made, by my Admission into the Family.

Free. What is to be done then?

Court.

She would if She could.

Court. Why, look you, thus I have contriv'd it:
Sir Oliver, when I began to grow resty, that he
Might incline me a little more to Drunkenness,
In my Ear discover'd to me the Humour of
His dear Friend *Sir Joslin*: He assur'd me, that
When he was in that good natur'd Condition,
To requite their Courtesie, he always carried
The good Company home with him, and
Recommended them to his Kinswomen.

Free. Very good!

Court. Now after the fresh Air has breath'd on us
Awhile, and expell'd the Vapours of the Wine
We have drunk, thou shalt return to these
Two Sots, whom we left at the *French House*,
According to our Promise, and tell 'em, I am
A little stay'd by some unlucky Business, and
Will be with 'em presently; thou wilt find 'em
Tir'd with long fight, weak and unable to observe
Their Order; charge 'em briskly, and in a moment
Thou shalt rout 'em, and with little or no damage
To thy self, gain an absolute Victory.

Free. Very well!

Court. In the mean time, I will make my visit to the
Longing Lady, and order my Business so
Handsomely, that I will be with thee again immediately,
To make an Experiment of the good Humour of
Sir Joslin.

Free. Let's about it!

Court. 'Tis yet too early; we must drill away a little
Time, that my Excuses may be more probable,
And my Persecution more tolerable.

*Enter Ariana and Gatty with Vizards, and pass nimbly over
the Stage.*

Free. Ha, Ha--- How wantonly they trip it! there is
Temptation enough in their very Gate, to
Stir up the Courage of an old Alderman:
Prithce let us follow 'em.

Court. I have been so often balk'd with these Vizard-Masks,
That I have at least a dozen times
Forsworn 'em; they are a most certain Sign
Of an ill Face, or what is worse, an old
Acquaintance.

Free. The truth is, nothing but some such weighty
Reason, is able to make Women deny themselves
The Pride they have to be seen.

Court.

She would if She cou'd.

Court. The Evening's fresh and pleasant, and yet
There is but little Company.

Free. Our Course will be the better; these Deer
Cannot Herd: Come, come, Man, let's follow.

Court. I find it is a meer Folly to swear any
Thing; it does put make the Devil more
Earnest in his Temptation.

[They go after the Women.]

Enter Women again, and cross the Stage.

Aria. Now if these should prove two Men of War
That are cruising here, to watch for Prizes.

Gatty. Would they had Courage enough to set upon
Us. I long to be engaged.

Aria. Look, look yonder; I protest they chase us.

Gatty. Let us bear away then; if they be truly valiant
They'll quickly make more Sail, and board us.

[The Women go out, and go about behind the Scenes to the other Door.]

Enter Courtall and Freeman.

Free. 'sDeath, how fleet they are! whatsoever Faults
They have, they cannot be broken-winded.

Court. Sure, by that little mincing step, they
Shou'd be Country Fillies, that have been breath'd
At Course a Park, and Barley Break: We shall
Never reach 'em.

Free. I'll follow directly; do thou turn down the
Cross-walk and meet 'em.

*Enter the Women, and after 'em Courtall at the lower Door, and
Freeman at the upper, on the contrary side.*

Court. By your Leave, Ladies-----

Gatty. I perceive you can make bold enough
Without it.

Free. Your Servant, Ladies-----

Aria. Or any other Ladies that will give themselves
The trouble to entertain you.

Free. 'sLife, their Tongues are as nimble as their Heels.

Court. Can you have so little good Nature to dash
A couple of bashful young Men out of Countenance,
Who came out of pure Love to tender
You their Service?

Gatty. 'Twere pity to baulk 'em, Sister.

Aria. Indeed, methinks they look as if they never
Had been slipp'd before.

Free. Yes, faith, we have had many a fair Course

She would if She could.

In this Paddock, have been very well fish'd,
And dare boldly fasten.

[They lift their hands with a little force.]

Aria. Well, I am not the first unfortunate Woman
That has been forc'd to give her hand, where
She never intends to bellow her Heart.

Gatty. Now, do you think 'tis a Bargain already?

Court. Faith, would there were some lusty Earnest
Given, for fear we should unluckily break
Off again.

Free. Are you so wild, that you must be hooded thus?

Court. Fie, fie; put off these Scandals to all good Faces.

Gatty. For your Reputations sake we shall keep 'em
On: 'sLife, we should be taken for your Relations,
If we durst shew our Faces with you thus
Publickly.

Aria. And what a Shame that would be to a Couple
Of young Gallants! Methinks you should blush
To think on't.

Court. These were pretty Toys, invented, first, merely
For the good of us poor Lovers to deceive
The jealous, and to blind the malicious; but
The proper use is so wickedly perverted,
That it makes all honest Men hate the
Fashion mortally.

Free. A good Face is as seldom cover'd with a Vizard-Mask,
As a good Hat with an oyl'd Case:
And yet, on my Conscience, you are both
Handsome.

Court. Do but remove 'em a little, to satisfy a foolish
Scruple.

Aria. This is a just Punishment you have brought
Upon your selves, by that unpardonable
Sin of Talking.

Gatty. You can only brag now of your Acquaintance
With a Farendon Gown, and a Piece
Of black Velvet.

Court. The truth is, There are some vain Fellows
Whose loose Behaviour of late, has given
Great Discouragement to the honourable Proceedings
Of all vertuous Ladies.

Free. But I hope you have more Charity, than
To believe us of the Number of the Wicked.

Aria. There's not a Man of you to be trusted.

Gatty. What a Shame is it to your whole Sex,
That a Woman is more fit to be a Privy Counsellour,
Than a young Gallant a Lover?

She would if She could.

Court. This is a pretty kind of fooling, Ladies, for Men that are idle; but you must bid A little fairer, if you intend to keep us From our serious Business.

Gatty. Truly you seem to be Men of great Employment, that are every moment rattling from The Eating-Houses to the Play-Houses, from the Play-Houses to the Mulberry-Garden, that Live in a perpetual Hurry, and have little Leisure for such an idle Entertainment.

Court. Now would I not see thy Face for the World; If it should be but half so good as thy Humour, Thou would'st dangerously tempt me to dote Upon thee, and forgetting all Shame, become Constant.

Free. I perceive, by your fooling here, that Wit and Good Humour may make a Man in Love with A Black-a-moor. That the Devil should contrive It so, that we should have earnest Business now.

Court. Would they would but be so kind to meet us Here again to-morrow.

Gatty. You are full of Business, and 'twould but Take you off of your Employments.

Aria. And we are very unwilling to have the Sin to Answer for, of ruining a Couple of such Hopeful Young Men.

Free. Must we then despair?

Aria. The Ladies you are going to, will not be so Hard-hearted.

Court. to *Free.* On my Conscience they love us, And begin to grow jealous already.

Free. Who knows but this may prove the luckier Adventure of the two?

Court. Come, come, we know you have a Mind to Meet us: We cannot see you blush, speak it out Boldly.

Gatty. Will you swear then, not to visit any other Women before that time?

Aria. Not that we are jealous, but because we would Not have you tir'd with the Impertinent Conversation of our Sex, and come to us dull And out of Humour.

Court. Invent an Oath, and let it be so horrid: 'Twould make an Atheist start to hear it.

Free. And I will swear it readily, that I will not So much as speak to a Woman, till I Speak to you again.

She would if She could.

Gatty. But are you troubl'd with that foolish
Scruple of Keeping an Oath?

Free. O most religiously!

Court. And may we not enlarge our Hopes upon a
Little better Acquaintance?

Aria. You see all the Freedom we allow.

Gatty. It may be we may be intreated to hear
A Fiddle, or mingle in a Country Dance, or so.

Court. Well we are in too desperate a Condition
To stand upon Articles, and are resoly'd to
Yield on any Terms.

Free. Be sure you be punctual now!

Aria. Will you be sure?

Court. Or else may we become a Couple of credulous
Coxcombs, and be jilted ever after.

—Your Servant, Ladies.

[*Ex. Men.*]

Aria. I wonder what they think of us!

Gatty. You may easily imagine; for they are not of
A Humour so little in Fashion, to believe the best:

I assure you, the most favourable Opinion they can
Have, is, That we are still a little wild, and stand in
Need of better Manning.

Aria. Prithee, dear Girl, what dost think of 'em?

Gatty. Faith, so well, that I'm asham'd to tell thee.

Aria. Would I had never seen 'em!

Gatty. Ha! Is it come to that already?

Aria. Prithee, let's walk a Turn or two
More, and talk of 'em.

Gatty. Let us take care then we are not too particular
In their Commendations, lest we should discover
We intrench upon one anothers Inclinations,
And so grow quarrellsome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Sir Oliver's Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Cockwood and Sentry.

Sent. Dear Madam, do not afflict your self thus
Unreasonably; I dare lay my Life, it is not want
Of Devotion, but Opportunity that stays him.

La. Cock. Ingrateful Man! to be so insensible
Of a Lady's Passion!

Sent. If I thought he were so wicked, I should
Hate him strangely—— But, Madam——

La. Cock. Do not speak one word in his behalf,
I am resoly'd to forget him; perfidious Mortal,
To abuse so sweet an Opportunity!

She would if She cou'd.

Sent. Hark, here is some-body coming up stairs.
La. Cock. Peace, he may yet redeem his Honour.

Enter Courtall.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock, starting. Mr. Courtall, for Heaven's sake
How came you hither?

Court. Guided by my good Fortune, Madam——
Your Servant, Mrs. Servant.

Sent. Your humble Servant, Sir; I protest you made
Me start too, to see you come in thus unexpectedly.

La. Cock. I did not imagine it could be known
I was in Town yet.

Court. Sir *Oliver* Did me the Favour to make me
A Visit, and dine with me to day, which brought
Me to the Knowledge of this Happiness, Madam;
And as soon as I could possibly, I got the
Freedom to come hither and enjoy it.

La. Cock. You have ever been extreme obliging, Sir.

Sent. 'Tis a worthy Gentleman, how punctual
He is to my Directions!

La. Cock. Will you be pleas'd to repose, Sir?
Sentry, set some Chairs.

Court. With much difficulty, Madam, I broke
Out of my Company, and was forc'd by the
Importunity of one Sir *Joslin Jolly*, I think they
Call him, to engage my Honour, I would
Return again immediately.

La. Cock. You must not so soon rob me
Of so sweet a Satisfaction.

Court. No Consideration, Madam, could take
Me from you, but that I know my stay at this
Time must needs endanger your Honour; and how
Often I have deny'd my self the greatest Satisfaction
In the World, to keep that unblemished, you
Your self can witness.

La. Cock. Indeed I have often had great Tryals
Of your Generosity, in those many Misfortunes
That have attended our innocent Affections.

Court. Sir *Oliver*, Madam, before I did perceive it,
Was got near that Pitch of Drunkenness,
Which makes him come reeling home, and
Unmanfully insult over your Ladyship; and how
Subject he is then to injure you with an unjust
Suspicion, you have often told me; which makes
Me careful not to be surpriz'd here.

La. Cock. Repose your self a little, but a little,

[Aside.]

[Ex. Sent.]

She would if She could.

Dear Sir: These vertuous Principles make you worthy to be
Trusted with a Lady's Honour: Indeed Sir *Oliver*
Has his Fallings; yet, I protest, Mr. *Courtall*, I love
Him dearly, but cannot be altogether unfeeling
Of your generous Passion.

Court. Ay, ay; I am a very passionate Lover!
Indeed this Escape has only given me leisure
To look upon my Happiness.

La. Cock. Is my Woman retir'd?

Court. Most dutifully, Madam.

La. Cock. Then let me tell you, Sir—yet we
May make very good use of it.

Court. Now am I going to be drawn in agen.

La. Cock. If Sir *Oliver* be in that indecent Condition
You speak of, to morrow he will be very submissive,
As it is meet for so great a Misdemeanour; then
Can I, feigning a desperate Discontent, take
My own Freedom, without the least Suspicion.

Court. This is very luckily and obligingly
Thought on, Madam.

La. Cock. Now if you will be pleas'd,
Make an Assignment, Sir.

Court. To morrow about Ten a Clock in the
Lower-walk of the *New Exchange*, out of which
We can quickly pop into my Coach.

La. Cock. But I am still so pester'd with my Woman,
I dare not go without her; on my Conscience
She's very sincere, but it is not good to trust our
Reputations too much to the Frailty of a Servant.

Court. I will bring my Chariot, Madam,
That will hold but two.

La. Cock. O most ingeniously imagin'd, dear Sir! For,
By that means, I shall have a just Excuse to give her
Leave to see a Relation, and bid her stay
There till I call her.

Court. It grieves me much to leave you so soon,
Madam; but I shall comfort my self with the
Thoughts of the Happiness you have made me hope for.

La. Cock. I wish it were in my power eternally
To oblige you, dear Sir.

Court. Your humble Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Your humble Servant, sweet Sir.

Exit Court.

Sentry.—why, *Sentry.*—Where are you?

She would if She could.

Sent. Here, Madam.

La. Cock. What a strange thing is this! will you
Never take warning, but still be leaving me alone
In these suspicious Occasions?

Sent. I was but in the next Room, Madam.

La. Cock. What may Mr. Courtall think of my
Innocent Intentions? I protest, if you serve me
So again, I shall be strangely angry: You should
Have more regard to your Lady's Honour.

Sent. If I stay in the Room, she will not speak
Kindly to me in a Week after; and if I go out, she
Always chides me thus: This is a strange Infirmary
She has, but I must bear with it: for on my
Conscience, Custom has made it so natural,
She cannot help it.

La. Cock. Are my Cousins come home yet?

Sent. Not yet, Madam.

La. Cock. Do'st thou know whither they went
This Evening?

Sent. I heard them say, they would go take
The Air, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I see it is impossible with virtuous
Counsel to reclaim them; truly, they are so careless
Of their own, I could wish Sir Justin would remove
'Em, for fear they should bring an unjust
Imputation on my Honour.

Sent. Heavens forbid, Madam!

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Enter Ariana and Gatty.

Amb. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. How have you spent the Cool of the
Evening?

Gatty. As the Custom is, Madam, breathing the
Fresh Air, in the Park and Mulberry-Garden.

La. Cock. Without the Company of a Relation,
Or some discreet Body, to justify your Reputations
To the World--- You are young, and may be yet
Insensible of it; but this is a strange censorious Age,
I assure you.

Aria. Hark! What Musick's this?

Gatty. I'll lay my Life my Uncle's drunk, and hath
Pickt us up a Couple of worthy Servants,
And brought them home with him in Triumph.

[Noise of Musick without.]

Enter

Enter the Musick playing, Sir Oliver strutting, and swaggering, Sir Joslin singing and dancing with Mr. Courtall and Mr. Freeman, in each hand: Gatty and Ariana seeing Courtall and Freeman, shrink, and

[Exit.

Sir Jos. Hey-day ! I told you they were a Couple of Skittish Fillies, but I never knew 'em boggle At a Man before; I'll fetch 'em agen, I warrant You, Boys.

[Exit after them.

Free. to Court. These are the very self-same Gowns And Petticoats.

Court. Their Surprize confirms us it must be them.

Free. 'aLife, we have betray'd our selves Very pleasantly.

Court. Now am I undone to all Intents and purposes, For they will innocently discover all to my Lady, And she will have no Mercy.

Sir Oliv. Dan, Dan, Da-ra, Dan, &c.

[Strutting.]

Avoid my Presence, the very sight of that Face Makes me more impotent than an Eunuch.

La. Cock. Dear Sir Oliver!

[Offering to embrace him.]

Sir Oliv. Forbear your Conjugal Clippings, I will have a Wench, thou shalt fetch me a Wench, Scurvy.

Sent. Can you be so inhumane to my dear Lady?

Sir Oliv. Peace, Envy, on I will have thee executed For Petty Treason; thy Skin flay'd off, stuff'd, and Hung up in my Hall in the Countrey, as a Terror to my whole Family.

Court. What Crime can deserve this horrid Punishment?

Sir Oliv. I'll tell thee, Ned: 'Twas my Fortune T'other day to have an Intrigue with a Tinker's Wife in the Countrey, and this malicious Slut Betray'd the very Ditch where we us'd to Make our Assignations to my Lady.

Free. She deserves your Anger indeed, Sir Oliver: But be not so unkind to your Vertuous Lady.

Sir Oliv. Thou do'st not know her, Frank; I have Had a Design to break her heart ever since the First Month that I had her, and 'tis so tough, That I have not yet crack'd one String out.

Court. You are too unmerciful, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Hang her; Ned, by wicked Policy she Would usurp my Empire, and in her heart is a

She won't if She could.

Very Pharaoh, for every Night she's a putting
Me upon making Brick without Straw.

Coler. I cannot see a virtuous Lady so afflicted,
Without offering her some Consolation:
Dear Madam, is it not as I told you?

[Aside to her.]

La. Cock. The Fates could not have been more
Propitious, and I shall not be wanting to the
Fuythering of our mutual Happiness.

[To Court. aside.]

Enter Sir Jossin, with Ariana and Gatty in each
band; dancing and singing.

CATCH

This is sly and pretty,

And this is wild and witty;

If eiber stay'd

Till she dy'd a Maid,

If faith 'twould be great Pity.

Sir Jossin. Here they are, Boys, I faith; and now little
Jossin's a Man of his Word. Heuk! Sly-Girl and
Mad-cap, to 'em, to 'em, to 'em, Boys, Alou!

*[Flings 'em to Courtall and Freeman, who
kiss their hands.]*

What's yonder, your Lady in Tears, Brother Cockwood?
Come, come; I'll make up all Breaches.

[He sings. And we'll all be merry and frolick.]

Fie, fie; though Man and Wife are seldom in good
Humour alone, there are few want the Discretion
To dissemble it in Company.

*[Sir Jossin, Sir Oliver, and Lady, stand
talking together.]*

Free. I knew we should surprize you, Ladies.

Court. Faith, I thought this Conjururing to be but
A meer jest till now; and could not believe the
Astrological Rascal had been so skilful.

Free. How exactly he describ'd 'em, and how
Punctual he was in his Directions to apprehend 'em!

Gat. Then you have been with a Conjurur,
Gentlemen.

Court. You cannot blame us, Ladies; the Loss of
Our Hearts was so considerable, that it may well
Excuse the indirect means we took to find out
The pretty Thieves that stole 'em.

Aria. Did not I tell you what Men of business

The world of Shrewsbury

These were, Sister?

Ans. I vow, I innocently believ'd they had some Pre-engagement to a Scrivener or a Surgeon, And will'd 'em so well, that I am sorry To find 'em so perfidious.

Pres. Why, we have kept our Oaths, Ladies.

Aria. You are much beholden to Providence.

Gatty. But we are more, Sister; for had we once Been deluded into an Opinion they had been Faithful, who knows into what Inconveniences That Error might have drawn us?

Cour. Why should you be so unreasonable, Ladies, To expect that from us, we should scarce Have hop'd for from you? Fie, fie; the keeping Of ones Word, is a thing below the Honour Of a Gentleman.

Pres. A poor Shift! Fit only to uphold the Reputation of a poultry Citizen.

Sir Jos. Come, come; all will be well again, I warrant you, Lady.

La. Cock. These are insupportable Injuries; but I will Bear 'em with an invincible Patience, and to-morrow Make him dearly sensible, How unworthy he has been.

Sir Jos. To-morrow my Brother Cockwood will Be another Man—— So, Boys; and how do you like The Flesh and Blood of the Ladies?—— Hark, Sly-Girl—— And Mad-cap, Hey—— Come, come; you have Heard them exercise their Tongues awhile; now You shall see them ply their Feet a little! This is A clean Limb'd Wench, and has neither Spavin, Splinter, nor Wind-gall; tune her a Jig, and play't roundly; You shall see her bounce it away like a nimble Friggat before a fresh Gale—— Hey, methinks I see her under Sail already.

Sir Jos. Hey, my little Mad-cap—— Of the true Breed of the Ladies, Faith—— Hark you; a Consultation, Gentlemen—— Bear up, Brother Cockwood, a little: What think you, If we pack these idle Housewives to Bed now, And retire into a Room by our selves, and have A merry Catch, and a Bottle or two of the Best, and perfect the good Work we have So unanimously carry'd on to day?

Sir Oliv. A most admirable Intrigue—— Tan, dan, Da, ra, dan; Come, come, march to your several Quarters: Go, we have sent for a civil Person or two,

[Gatty dances a Jig. Here's a Girl,

But hark you, Bear up,

And are resolv'd to fornicate in private.

La. Cock. This is a barbarous Flattery
Of all my Kindness.

Free. } Your humble Servant, Madam,
Court. }

[Enter Lt. Col. Wood and Sentry.]

Court. Hark you! Hark you! Ladies do not harbour
Too ill an Opinion of us, for faith, when you have
Had a little more Experience of the World, you'll
Find we are no such abominable

Gatty. We shall be so charitable to think no worse
Of you, than we do of all Mankind, for your
Sakes, only that you are perjur'd, perfidious,
Inconstant, ingrateful.

Free. Nay, nay; that's enough in all Conscience, Ladies;
And now you are sensible, what a shameful thing
It is to break one's Word, I hope you'll be more
Careful to keep yours to morrow.

Gatty. Invent an Oath, and let it be so worth it.

Court. Nay, nay, it is too late for Raillery, I faith, Ladies.

Gatty. } Well, your Servant, then.
Aria. }

Free. } Your Servant, Ladies.
Court. }

Sir Oliv. Now the Enemy's march'd out.

Sir Jos. Then the English are our own Boys. Hey.

And here and there I bid her

And every where I bid her

Her Toy was such, but every Touch

Would make a Doer make

Free. } Hey, brave Sir Joslin!
Court. }

Sir Oliv. Ah, my dear little warty Joslin,

Let me hug thee.

Sir Joslin. Strike up, you obsequious Rascals, and
March along before us.

[Enter Captain and Drums.]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I

The New Exchange

Mrs. Trincket sitting in a Shop, Trunket and Mr. Courtall
in the Exchange

Mrs. Trin. **W**hat d'ye buy? **What d'ye lack, Gentlemen?**
Gloves, Ribbons, and Effences; **Ribbons,**
Gloves, and Effences?

Enter Mr. Courtall
Mr. Courtall! I thought you had a Quarell
To the Change, and were resolv'd wth should never
See you here again.

Court. Your Unkindness indeed, **Mrs. Trincket,** had
Been enough to make a Man banish himself
For ever.

Enter Mrs. Gazette
Trinck. Look you, yonder comes **Mrs. Gazette.**
Thither you intended your Visit, I am sure.

Gaz. Mr. Courtall! Your Servant.

Court. Your Servant, **Mrs. Gazette.**

Gaz. This Happiness was only meant to

Mrs. Trincket, had it not been my good fortune
To pass by, by chance, I should have lost
My share on't.

Court. This is too cruel, **Mrs. Gazette,** when all the
Unkindness is on your side, to rally your Servant
Thus.

Gaz. I vow this tedious Absence of yours, made
Me believe you intended to try an Experiment
On my poor Heart, to discover that hidden Secret,
How long a despairing Lover may languish
Without the sight of the Party.

Court. You are always very pleasant on this
Subject, **Mrs. Gazette.**

Gaz. And have not you reason to be so too?

Court. Not that I know of.

Gaz. Yes, you hear the good News.

Court. What good News?

Gaz. How well this dissembling becomes you?
But now I think better on't, it
Concern you, you are more a Gentleman, than

She would if She could.

To have an Amour last longer than an Easter Term with a Country Lady; and yet there Are some, I see, as well in the Country, as in The City, that have a pretty way of Housewifing A Lover, and can spin an intrigue out a great Deal farther, than others are willing to do.

Court. What pretty Art have they, good Mrs. Gazette?

Gaz. When Trades-men see themselves in an ill Condition, and are afraid of Breaking; can they do Better, than to take in a good substantial Partner, to help to carry on their Trading?

Court. Sure you have been at Riddle me, Riddle me lately, you are so wondrous witty.

Gaz. And yet I believe my Lady Cockwood is so Haughty, she had rather give over the Vanity of an Intrigue, than take in a couple of young Handsome Kinswomen to help to maintain it.

Court. I knew it would out at last; indeed it is the Principle of most good Women that love Gaming, When they begin to grow a little out of Play Themselves, to make an Interest in some

Young Gamester or other, in hopes to look At Favour now and then: But you are quite out In your Policy, my Lady Cockwood is none of These, I assure you—

Hark you, Mrs. Gazette, you must needs better Your self a little for me this morning, or else Heaven have Mercy upon a poor Sinner.

Gaz. I hope this wicked Woman has so Design'd Upon your Body already: Alas! I pity your Tender Conscience.

Court. I have always made thee my Confident, and Now I come to thee as to a Faithful Counsellor.

Gaz. State your Case.

Court. Why, this Ravenous Rite is upon Wing already, It fetching a little Compass, and will be Here within this half hour to swoop me right Away.

Gaz. And you would have me your Sch. Crow?

Court. Something of that there is in't; she is still Your Customer.

Gaz. I have furnished her, and the young Ladies With a few fashionable Toys since they came To Town, to keep 'em in Countenance at a Play, or in the Park.

Court. I would have thee go immediately to the Young Ladies; and, by some Devil or other,

She would if She could.

Intice 'em hither.

Gaz. I came just now from taking measure of 'em
For a Couple of Handkerchiefs.

Court. How unlucky's this!

Gaz. They were calling for their Hoods and Scarfs,
And are coming hither, to lay out a little Money
In Ribbons and Essences: I have recommended
Them to Mrs. *Trincker's* Shop here.

Court. This falls out more luckily than what I had
Contriv'd my self, or could have done; for here
Will they be busie just before the Door,
Where we have made our Appointment: But if this
Long-wing'd Devil should chance to truss me
Before they come.

Gaz. I will only step up, and give some Directions
To my Maid, about a little Bus'ness that is in
Haste, and come down again and watch her; if you
Are snapp'd, I'll be with you presently, and rescue
You, I warrant you, or at least stay you, till
More Company come: She dares not force you
Away, in my sight; she knows I am great with
Sir *Oliver*, and as malicious a Devil as the best
Of 'em—Your Servant, Sir.

Enter Freeman.

Court. *Freeman!* 'Tis well you are come.

Free. Well! what Counter-plot? What hopes of
Disappointing the Old, and of saving the Young
Ladies? I am ready to receive your Orders.

Court. Faith, things are not so well contriv'd as
I could have wish'd 'em, and yet I hope, by
The help of Mrs. *Gazet*, to keep my word,
Francis.

Free. Nay, now I know what Tool thou hast made
Choice of, I make no Question, but the Bus'ness
Will go well forward; but, I am afraid
This last unlucky Bus'ness has so distast'd
These young Trouts, they will not be so easily
Tickl'd as they might have been.

Court. Never fear it; whatsoever Women say, I am sure
They seldom think the worse of a Man, for
Running at all; 'tis a Sign of Youth, and high
Mettle, and makes them rather picquee, who shall
Tame him: That which troubles me most, is, we
Lost the hopes of Variety, and a single Intrigue
In Love, is as dull as a single Plot in a Play.

And

The second of December

And will tire a Lover worse, than t'other does
An Audience.

Free. We cannot be long without some Underplots.

In this Town, let this be our main Design.

And if we are any thing forward in our Contrivance,

We shall make it a pleasant Comedy.

Court. Leave all things to me, and shape the best.

Be gone, for I expect their coming immediately.

Walk a turn or two above, in the fields while.

With pretty Mrs. *Arvil*, and scent your Eyes with the

And Perriwig with a little Essence of Oranges.

Or Jessamine; and when you see us all together.

At Mrs. *Gazett's* Shop, put in as it were by chance;

I protest, yonder comes the old Haggard, to your

Post quickly! 'sDeath! who's that and these

Young Ladies now?

Enter Lady Cockburn, and Santry.

O Madam, I have waited here, at least, an hour.

And time seems very tedious, when it delays so great.

A Happiness as you bring with you.

La. Cock. I vow, Sir, I did but stay to give Sir *Olivier*

His due Correction for those unseemly Injuries

He did me last Night. Is your Coach ready?

Court. Yes, Madam: But how will you dispose of

Your Maid?

La. Cock. My Maid! For Heavens sake, what do you

Mean, Sir? Do I ever use to go abroad without her?

Court. 'Tis upon no Design, Madam, I speak it.

I assure you; but my Glass-Coach broke last Night.

And I was forc'd to bring my Chariot, which can hold

But two.

La. Cock. O Heaven! You must excuse me, dear Sir;

For I shall deny my self the sweetest Recreations

In the World, rather than yield to any thing that

May bring a Blemish upon my spotless Honour.

Enter Gazette.

Gaz. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Your Servant, Mr. *Courtall*.

Lady { Your Servant, Mrs. *Gazette*.

and {

Court. {

Gaz. I am extreme glad to see your Ladyship here;

I intended to send my Maid to your Lodgings.

This

She would if She could

This Afternoon, Madam, I will pay I have a Parcel of New Lace come in, the prettiest Patterns That ever were seen; for I am very desirous to have a Good a Customer as your Ladiship should see 'em First, and have your Choice.

La. Cock. I am much beholden to you, Mrs. Gazette, I was newly come into the Exchange, and intend to call at your Shop before I went home.

Enter Ariana and Gatty, Gazette goes to them:

Court. 'sDeath, here are your Cousins too! now there Is no-hope left for a poor unfortunate Lover to comfort himself withal.

Aria. } Your Servant, Madam.
Gatty. }

La. Cock. I am newly come into the Exchange, and By chance, met with Mr. Courtall here, who will needs Give himself the trouble, to play the Gallant, and Wait upon me.

Gatty. Does your Ladiship come to buy?

La. Cock. A few Trifles; Mrs. Gazette says she has A Parcel of very fine new Laces, shall we go look Upon 'em?

Aria. We will only fanfie a Suite of Ruffles or two At this Shop, and buy a little Essence, and wait Upon your Ladiship immediately.

Gat. Mrs. Gazette, you are skilled in the Fashion, Pray let our Choice have your Approbation.

[All go to the Shop to look upon Ware, but Courtall, and Lady Cockwood.]
Gaz. Most gladly, Madam.

Court. 'sDeath, Madam, if you had made no Ceremony, But stept into the Coach presently, we had escap'd this Mischiefe.

La. Cock. My Over-tenderness of my Honour, has Blasted all my Hopes of Happiness.

Court. To be thus unluckily surpriz'd in the height Of our Expectation, leaves me no Patience.

La. Cock. Moderate your Passion a little, Sir? I may Yet find out a way.

Court. Oh 'tis impossible, Madam, never think on't Now you have been seen with me; to leave 'em upon Any Pretence will be so suspicious, That my Concern For your Honour will make me so feverish and Disordered, that I shall lose the Taste of all the Happiness you give me.

La. Cock. Methinks you are too scrupulous, Heron Sir.

Court.

She would if She could.

Court. Besides the Concerns I have for you, Madam; You know the Obligations I have to Sir Oliver, And what Professions of Friendship there are on Both Sides; and to be thought perfidious and ingrateful, What an Affliction would that be to a generous Spirit!

La. Cock. Must we then unfortunately part thus?

Court. Now I have better thought on't, that is not Absolutely necessary neither.

La. Cock. These words revive my dying Joys, Dear Sir, go on.

Court. I will, by and by, when I see it most convenient, Beg the Favour of your Ladiship, and your Young Kinswomen, to accept of a Treat, and A Fiddle; you make some little difficulty at First, but upon earnest Persuasion comply, and Use your Interest to make the young Ladies Do so too: Your Company will secure their Reputations, and their Company take off from You all Suspicion.

La. Cock. The natural Inclination they have to be Jigging, will make them very ready to comply: But what Advantage can this be to our Happiness, dear Sir?

Court. Why, first, Madam, if the young Ladies, or Mrs. Gazette, have any Doubts upon their surprizing Us together, our joining Company will clear 'em all; Next, we shall have some Satisfaction In being an Afternoon together, though we enjoy Not that full Freedom we so passionately Desire.

La. Cock. Very good, Sir.

Court. But then lastly, Madam, we gain an Opportunity To contrive another Appointment to morrow, Which may restore us unto all those Joys We have been so unfortunately disappointed Of to day.

La. Cock. This is a very prevailing Argument Indeed; but since Sir Oliver believes I have Conceiv'd so desperate a Sorrow, 'tis fit we Should keep this from his Knowledge.

Court. Are the young Ladies secret?

La. Cock. They have the good Principles not To betray themselves, I assure you.

Court. Then 'tis but going to a House that is Not haunted by the Company, and we are secure, And now I think on't, the *Beer in Drury-lane* is the fittest place for our purpose.

La. Cock.

She would if She could.

La. Cock. I know your Honour, dear Sir,
And submit to your Discretion—
Have you gratifi'd your Fancies, Cousins?

[To them Ariana, Gatty, and Gazette, from the Shop.]

Aria. We are ready to wait upon you, Madam.

Gatty. I never saw Colours better mingled.

Gaz. How lively they set off one another, and
How they add to the Complexion!

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall*, your most humble Servant.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me have the Honour
To wait upon you and these young Ladies,
Till I see you in your Coach.

La. Cock. Your Friendship to Sir *Oliver* would
Engage you in an unnecessary Trouble.

Aria. Let not an idle Ceremony take you from
Your serious Business, good Sir.

Gatty. I should rather have expected to have seen
You, Sir, walking in *Westminster-Hall*, watching
To make a Match at Tennis, or waiting to
Dine with a Parliament-Man, than to meet
You in such an idle Place as the *Exchange* is.

Court. Methinks, Ladies, you are well
Acquainted with me upon the first Visit.

Aria. We received your Character before, you
Know, Sir, in the *Mulberry-Garden*, upon Oath.

Court. aside.] 'sDeath! what shall I do?
Now out comes all my Roguery.

Gatty. Yet I am apt to believe, Sister, that was
Some malicious Fellow that wilfully perjur'd
Himself, on purpose to make us have an
Ill Opinion of this worthy Gentleman.

Court. Some rash Men would be apt enough
To enquire him out, and Cut his Throat, Ladies;
But I heartily forgive him whosoever he was;
For, on my Conscience, 'twas not so much out
Of Malice to me, as out of Love to you he did it.

Gaz. He might imagine Mr. *Courtall* was his Rival.

Court. Very likely, Mrs. *Gazette*.

La. Cock. Whosoever he was, he was an unworthy
Fellow, I warrant him; Mr. *Courtall* is known
To be a Person of Worth and Honour.

Aria. We took him for an idle Fellow, Madam,
And gave but very little Credit to what he said.

Court. 'Twas very obliging, Lady, to believe
Nothing to the Disadvantage of a Stranger—
What a Couple of young Devils are these?

La. Cock. Since you are willing to give

She would if She cou'd.

Your self this Trouble.

Court. I ought to do my Duty, Madam.

[Exit all but Ariana and Gatty.]

Aria. How he blush'd, and hung down his Head!

Gatty. A little more had put him as much out

Of Countenance, as a Country Clown is

When he ventures to compliment

His Attorney's Daughter.

[They follow.]

SCENE II.

Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

Enter Sir Jolin, and Servant severally.

Sir Jos. How now, old Boy! where's my
Brother Cockwood to day?

Serv. He desires to be in private, Sir.

Sir Jos. Why, what's the matter, Man?

Serv. This is a Day of Humiliation, Sir, with him,
For last Night's Transgression.

Sir Jos. I have Business of Consequence to impart
To him, and must and will speak with him——
So, ho! Brother Cockwood?

Sir Oliv. without.] Who's that, my Brother Jolly?

Sir Jos. The same, the same; come away, Boy.

Sir Oliv. without.] For some secret Reasons
I desire to be in private, Brother.

Sir Jos. I have such a Design on foot, as would
Draw *Diogenes* out of his Tub to follow it:
Therefore I say, come away, come away.

Sir Oliver entering in a Night-Gown, and Slippers.

Sir Oliv. There is such a strange Temptation
In thy Voice, never stir.

Sir Jos. What, in thy Gown and Slippers yet? why,
Brother, I have bespoke Dinner, and engag'd
Mr. Rake-bell, the little smart Gentleman I have
Often promis'd thee to make thee acquainted
Withal; to bring a whole Bevy of Damfets,
In Sky, and Pink, and Flame-colour'd Taffets.
Come, come, dress thee quickly; there's to be
Madam *Rampant*, a Girl that sings, and will drink,
At such a rate, she's a Mistress for *Alexander*.
Were he alive agen.

Sir Oliv. How unluckily this falls out!
Thomas, what Clothes have I to put on?

Serv. None but your Penitential Sute, Sir.

She won't if She could.

All the rest are secur'd.

Sir Oliv. Oh unspeakable Misfortune! that I
Should be in disgrace with my Lady now!

Sir Jos. Come, come, never talk of Clothes;
Put on any thing; thou hast a Person and a
Mind, will bear it out bravely.

Sir Oliv. Nay, I know my Behaviour will show
I am a Gentleman; but yet the Ladies
Will look scurvily upon me, Brother.

Sir Jos. That's a Jest, i'faith; He that has *Terra firma*
In the Country, may appear in any thing before 'em.

*For he that would have a Wench kind,
Ne'er smugs up himself like a Nimny;
But plainly tells her his Mind,
And tickles her first with a Guinny.*

Hey, Boy-----

Sir Oliv. I vow thou hast such a bewitching
Way with thee!

Sir Jos. How lovely will the Ladies look,
When they have a Beer-Glass in their Hands!

Sir Oliv. I now have a huge Mind to venture;
But if this should come to my Lady's Knowledge.

Sir Jos. I have bespoke Dinner at the Bear, the
Privatst Place in Town: there will be
No Spies to betray us, if Thomas be but secret,
I dare warrant thee, Brother Cockwood.

Sir Oliv. I have always found Thomas very
Faithful: but, faith, 'tis too unkind, considering
How tenderly my Lady loves me.

Sir Jos. Fle, fie; a Man and kept so much under
Correction by a Bisk and a Fan!

Sir Oliv. Nay, I am in my Nature as valiant
As any Man, when once I set out; but, i'faith, I
Cannot but think how my dear Lady will be
Concern'd, when she comes home and misses me.

Sir Jos. A Pox upon these Qualms.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou hast seduc'd me;
But I shall look untowardly.

Sir Jos. Again art thou at it? In, in, and make
All the haste that may be; *Rake-hell* and the
Ladies will be there before us else.

Sir Oliv. Well, thou art an errant Devil--- hey---
For the Ladies, Brother Jolly.

Sir Jos. Hey for the Ladies, Brother Cockwood.

[*Ex. singing--- For he that won't, see.*

She would if She cou'd.

SCENE III.

The BEAR.

Without. Ho, Francis, *Humphrey*, show a Room there!

*Enter Courtall, Freeman, Lady Cockwood,
Ariana, Gatty, and Sentry.*

Court. Pray, Madam, be not so full of Apprehension;
There is no fear that this should come to
Sir *Oliver's* Knowledge.

La. Cock. I were ruin'd if it shou'd, Sir! Dear, how
I tremble! I never was in one of these Houses before.

Sent. This is a Bait, for the young Ladies to
Swallow; she has been in most of the Eating-houses
About Town, to my Knowledge.

Court. Oh, Francis!

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Your Worshipp's welcome, Sir; but I
Must needs desire you to walk into the next
Room, for this is bespoken.

La. Cock. Mr. *Courtall*, did not you say, this
Place was private?

Court. I warrant you, Madam:

What Company dines here, Francis?

Wait. A couple of Country Knights; Sir *Joslin Jolly*,
And Sir *Oliver Cockwood*; very honest Gentlemen.

La. Cock. Combination to undo me!

Court. Peace, Madam, or you'll betray
Your self to the Waiter.

La. Cock. I am distracted! *Sentry*, did not
I command thee to secure all Sir *Oliver's* Clothes,
And leave nothing for him to put on, but his
Penitential Sute, that I might be sure he
Could not stir abroad to day?

Sent. I obey'd you in every thing, Madam; but
I have often told you this Sir *Joslin* is a wicked Seducer.

Aria. If my Uncle sees us, Sister, what
Will he think of us?

Gatty. We come but to wait upon her Ladship:

Frea. You need not fear; you, Chickens, are secure
Under the Wings of that old Hen.

Court. Is there to be no Body, Francis,
But Sir *Oliver*, and Sir *Joslin*?

Wait. Faith, Sir, I was enjoin'd to say : but
You have an absolute Power over me : Coming
Lately out of the Country, where there is but
Little Variety, they have a Design to solace
Themselves with a fresh Girl or Two, as I
Understand the Business.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

La. Cock. Oh, *Sentry* ! Sir *Oliver* disloyal !
My Misfortunes come too thick upon me.

Court. aside.] Now is she afraid of being
Disappointed on all hands.

La. Cock. I know not what to do, Mr. *Courtall*;
I would not be surpriz'd here my self, and yet
I would prevent Sir *Oliver* from prosecuting
His wicked and perfidious Intentions.

Aria. Now shall we have admirable Sport,
What with her Fear and Jealousie.

Gatty. I lay my Life, she routs the Wenches.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. I must needs desire you to step into the next
Room ; Sir *Joslin*, and Sir *Oliver* are below already.

La. Cock. I have not power to move a foot.

Free. We will consider what is to be done,
Within, Madam.

Court. Pray, Madam, come ; I have a
Design in my Head, which shall secure you, surprise
Sir *Oliver*, and free you from all your Fears.

La. Cock. It cannot be, Sir.

Court. Never fear it : *Francis*, you may own
Mr. *Freeman* and I are in the House, if they ask for us ;
But not a word of these Ladies, as you tender
The wearing of your Ears.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Joslin, Sir Oliver, and Waiter.

Sir *Jos.* Come, Brother *Cockwood*, Prithee be brisk,

Sir *Oliv.* I shall disgrace my self for ever, Brother.

Sir *Jos.* Pox upon Care, never droop like a Cock
In moulting time ; thou art Spark enough in all
Conscience.

Sir *Oliv.* But my Heart begins to fail me,
When I think of my Lady.

Sir *Jos.* What, more Qualms yet ?

Sir *Oliv.* Well, I will be courageous : But it is not
Necessary these Strangers should know this is
My Penitential Sute, Brother :

Sir *Jos.* They shall not, they shall not. Hark

You, old Boy, is the Meast provided for the fine
And see come? And are the Melodious
At hand I spoke for?

Wait. Every thing will be in readiness, Sir.

Sir Jos. If Mr. *Rake-hell*, with a Coach full, or two,
Of Vizard-Masks, and Silk Petticoats, call at the
Door, usher 'em up to the Place of Execution.

Wait. You shall be obey'd, Sir.

[Exit Waiter.]

Enter Rake-hell.

Sir Jos. Ho, here's my little *Rake-hell* come!
Brother *Cockwood*, let me commend this ingenious
Gentleman to your Acquaintance; he is a Knight
Of the Industry, has many admirable Qualities,
I assure you.

Sir Oliv. I am very glad, Sir, of this Opportunity
To know you.

Rake. I am happy, Sir, if you esteem me your
Servant. Hark you, Sir *Joslin*, is this Sir
Olivier Cockwood, in earnest?

Sir Jos. In very good earnest, I assure you,
He is a little fantastical now and then, and dresses
Himself up in an old Fashion: but that's all one
Among Friends, my little *Rake-hell*.

Sir Oliv. Where are the Damfels you talk'd of,
Brother *Jolly*? I hope Mr. *Rake-hell* has not forgot 'em.

Rake. They are arming for the Ram-counter.

Sir Jos. What, tricking and trimming?

Rake. Even so, and will be here immediately.

Sir Oliv. They need not make themselves so
Full of Temptation; my Brother *Jolly* and I can
Be wicked enough without it.

Sir Jos. The truth is, my little *Rake-hell*, we are
Both mighty Men at Arms, and thou shalt see us
Charge anon, to the Terrour of the Ladies.

Rake. Methinks that Dress, Sir *Olivier*, is a little
Too rustical for a Man of your Capacity.

Sir Oliv. I have an odd Humour, Sir, now, and
Then; but I have wherewithal at home,
To be as spruce as any Man.

Rake. Your Perriwig is too scandalous, Sir *Olivier*,
Your black Cap and Border is never
Worn but by a Fiddler or a Waiter.

Sir Jos. Pruthee, my little *Rake-hell*, do not put my
Brother *Cockwood* out of conceit of himself;
Methinks your Calot is a pretty Ornament, and
Makes a Man look both Polise and Politick.

Rake.

Rake. I will allow you, 'tis a very fine one, and fit
For Men of Business, that are ever to be bending
Of their Brows, and scratching of their Heads, every
Project would claw out another Perriwig; but a
Lover had better appear before his Mistress with a
Bald Pate; 'twill make the Ladies apprehend a Saviour,
Stop their Noses, and avoid you: 'Slife, Love in a
Cap is more ridiculous than Love in a Tub, or Love
In a Pipkin.

Sir Oliv. I must confess your whole Head is
Now in Fashion; but there was a time when
Your Calot was not so despicable.

Rake. Here's a Perruque, Sir.

Sir Oliv. A very good one.

Rake. A very good one? 'Tis the best in England.
Pray, Sir *Joslin*, take him in your hand, and draw
A Comb through him, there is not such
Another Friz in Europe.

Sir Josf. 'Tis a very fine one indeed.

Rake. Pray, Sir *Olivier*, do me the Favour to
Grace it on your Head a little.

Sir Oliv. To oblige you, Sir.

Rake. You never wore any thing became you half
So well in all your Life before.

Sir Josf. Why, you never saw him in your Life before.

Rake. That's all one, Sir, I know 'tis impossible.
Here's a Beaver, Sir *Olivier*, feel him; for Fineness,
Substance, and for Fashion, the Court of France
Never saw a better; I have bred him but a
Fortnight, and have him at Command already.
Clap him on boldly, never Hat took the Fore-Cock,
And the Hind-Cock at one motion so naturally.

Sir Oliv. I think you have a Mind to make
A Spark of me before I see the Ladies.

Rake. Now you have the Meen of a true Cavalier,
And with one Look may make a Lady kind, and
A Hectour humble: And, since I nam'd a Hectour,
Here's a Sword, Sir: Sa, fa, fa; try him, Sir *Joslin*,
Put him to't, cut through the Staple, run him
Through the Door, beat him to the Hilt, if he
Breaks, you shall have the liberty to break my Pate,
And pay me never a Groat of the Ten for't.

Sir Josf. 'Tis a very pretty Weapon, indeed, Sir.

Rake. The Hilt is true French wrought, and
Doree by the best Workman in France. This Sword,
And this Castor, with an embroider'd Button and
Loop, which I have to vary him upon occasion,

She would if she could.

Were sent me out of *France* for a Toy, by my elder Brother, that went over with a *French* Page, To take the Pleasure of this Campaign.

Sir Oliv. Have you a Mind to sell these things, Sir?

Rake. That is below a Gentleman; yet if a Person Of Honour, or a particular Friend, such as I esteem You, *Sir Oliver*, take at any time a Fancy to a Band, A Cravat, a Velvet-Coat, a Vest, a Ring, a Flajolet, Or any other little Toy I have about me, I am Good-natur'd, and may be easily perswaded To play the Fool upon good Terms.

Enter Freeman.

Sir Jos. Worthy Mr. *Freeman*!

Sir Oliv. Honest *Frank*, how cam'st thou to find us out, Man?

Free. By meer chance, Sir; *Ned Courtall* is without, Writing a Letter, and I came in to know, whether You had any particular Engagements, Gentlemen.

Sir Oliv. We resolv'd to be in private; but You are Men without exception.

Free. Methinks you intended to be in private, Indeed, *Sir Oliver*. 'sDeath, what Disguise have You got on? Are you grown grave since last Night, and come to sin *incognito*?

Sir Oliv. Hark you in your Ear, *Frank*; this is My Habit of Humiliation, which I always put on The next day after I have transgressed, the better To make my Pacification with my Incens'd Lady-----

Free. Ha, ha, ha----

Rake. Mr. *Freeman*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Free. Oh, my little dapper Officer! Are you here?

Sir Jos. Ha, Mr. *Freeman*, we have bespoke all the Jovial Entertainment, that a merry Wag can wish for, Good Meat, good Wine, and a wholesome Wench or two for the Digestion, we shall have *Madam Rampant*, the Glory of the Town; The brightest she that shines, or else my little *Rake-bell* is not a Man of his Word, Sir.

Rake. I warrant you she comes, *Sir Joslin*.

Sir Joslin sings.

And, if she comes, she shall not 'scape,

If Twenty Pounds will win her;

Her very Eye commits a Rape,

'Tis such a tempting Sinner.

Enter

She would if She could.

Court. Well said, Sir *Yoslin*, *hold up still*,
And bate not an Ace of your good Humour!

Sir Yof. Noble Mr. *Courtall*!

Color. Bless me, Sir *Oliver*, what, are you going
To act a Droll? How the People would throng
About you, if you were but mounted on a
Few Deal-boards in *Covent-Garden* now!

Sir Oliv. Hark you, *Ned*, this is the Badge of my
Lady's Indignation for my last Night's Offence;
Do not insult over a poor sober Man in Affliction.

Court. Come, come, send home for your Clothes;
I hear you are to have Ladies, and you are not
To learn at these Years, how absolutely necessary
A rich Vest and a Perruque are to a Man
That aims at their Favours.

Sir Oliv. A Pox on't, *Ned*, my Lady's gone abroad,
In a damn'd jealous, melancholy Humour,
And 'has commanded her Woman to secure 'em.

Court. Under Lock and Key?

Sir Oliv. Ay, ay, Man; 'tis usual in these Cases,
Out of pure Love, in hopes to reclaim me; and
To keep me from doing my self an Injury,
By Drinking two days together.

Court. What a loving Lady 'tis!

Sir Oliv. There are Sots that would think themselves
Happy in such a Lady, *Ned*; but to a true-bred
Gentleman, all lawful Solace is Abomination.

Rake. Mr. *Courtall*, your most humble Servant, Sir.

Court. Oh! my little Knight of the Industry,
I am glad to see you in such good Company.

Free. *Courtall*, hark you, are the Making-Habits,
Which you sent to borrow at the Play-house, come yet?

Court. Yes, and the Ladies are almost dress'd.
This Design will add much to our Mirth, and give
Us the Benefit of their Meat, Wine, and Musick,
For our Entertainment.

Free. 'Twas luckily thought of.

Sir Oliv. Hark, the Musick comes.

Sir Yof. Hey, Boys——let 'em enter, let 'em enter.

Wait. An't please your Worships, there is a Mask
Of Ladies without, that desire to have the
Freedom to come in and dance.

Sir Yof. Hey! Boys——

Sir Oliv. Did you bid 'em come 'em, Mr. Rake-hill?

Rake. No; but Rampant is a mild Upright fellow, who's bid to be of the Company, last Street-side; and I lay my life for he has put 'em all upon this Frollick.

Court. They are mettled Gills, I warrant them, Sir Jossin, let them be what they will.

Sir Jof. Let 'em enter, let 'em enter, ha Boys.

Enter Musick, and the Ladies in an Antick, and then they take out, my Lady Cockwood, Sir Oliver; the Young Ladies, Courtall and Freeman; and Sentry.

Sir Jossin; and dance a Set Dance.

Sir Oliv. Oh, my little Rogue I have I got thee? How I will turn and wind, and segue thy Body!

Sir Jof. Mettle on all sides, Mettle on all sides, Pfaff; how swimmingly would this pretty little

Ambling Filly carry a Mab of thy Body!

SING

She's so bonny and brisk,

How she'd curves and frisk,

If a Man were once mounted upon her

Let me have but a Leap,

Where 'tis wholesome and cheap,

And a fig for your Person of Honour.

Sir Oliv. 'Tis true, little Jossin, Pfaff.

Court. They have warm'd us, Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Now am I as rampant as a Lion, Ned, And could love as vigorously as a Sea-man, that is newly landed after an East-India Voyage.

Court. Take my Advice, Sir Oliver, do not in your Rage deprive your self of your only Hope Of an Accommodation with your Lady.

Sir Oliv. I had rather have a perpetual Civil War, Than purchase Peace at such a dishonourable rate.

A poor Fidler, after he has been three days persecuted At a Country Wedding, takes more Delight in foraging Upon his old squeeking Fiddle, than I do in fumbling On that Domestick Instrument of mine.

Court. Be not so bitter, Sir Oliver, on your Own dear Lady.

Sir Oliv. I was married to her when I was young, Ned, with a Design to be hulk'd, as they tye Whelps To the Bell-Wether; where I have been so butt'd;

'Twere enough to fright me, if I were not sure
Mettle, from ever running.

Court. That's no sure Rule, Sir; for a
Wife's a Dish, of which if a Man once surfeit, he shall
Have a better Stomach to all others ever after.

Sir Oliv. What a Shape is here, Ned! so exact and
Tempting, 'twould persuade a Man to be an
Implicite Sinner, and take her Fate upon Credit.

Sir Jos. Come, Brother Cockwood, let us get 'em
To lay aside these Masking Fopperies, and then
We'll fegue 'em in earnest: Give us a Bottle, *Waiter*.

Free. Not before Dinner, good Sir *Joslin*.

Sir Oliv. Lady, though I have out of Drillery
Put my self into this contemptible Dress at present,
I am a Gentleman, and a Man of Courage, as you
Shall find anon by my brisk Behaviour.

Rake. Sir *Joslin*! Sir *Olivet*! These are none of our
Ladies; they are just come to the Door in a Coach, and
Have sent for me down to wait upon 'em up to you.

Sir Jos. Hey——Boys! more Game, more Game!
Fetch 'em up, fetch 'em up.

Sir Oliv. Why, what a Day of Sport will here be,
Ned?

[Exit Rake-hell]
Sir Jos. They shall all have fair Play, Boys.

Sir Oliv. And we will match our selves, and make
A Prize on't; Ned *Courtall* and I, against *French Freeman*.
And you, Brother *Jolly*, and *Rake-hell* shall be
Judge for Gloves and Silk Stockings, to be
Bestow'd as the Conquerour shall see fit.

Sir Jos. Agreed, agreed, agreed.
Court. and *Free.* A match, a match.

Sir Oliv. Hey——Boys!
[Lady Cockwood counterfeits a Fit]

Sentry pulling off her Mask. O Heavens! my dear Lady!
Help, help!

Sir Oliv. What's here? *Sentry* and my Lady!
'sDeath, what a Condition am I in now, Brother *Jolly*?
You have brought me into this Premisere: For
Heavens sake run down quickly, and send the Rogue
And Whores away. Help, help! Oh help!
Dear Madam, sweet Lady!

[Exit Sir Joslin.]
[Sir Oliver kneels down by her.]
Oh, she's gone, she's gone!

Free. Give her more Air.
Court. Fetch a Glas of cold Water, *Freeman*.

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, speak.

Sens. Out upon thee, for a vile Hypocrite! Art the wicked Author of all this? Reprobrate, such an obdurate Sinner, as thou art, Could go about to abuse so sweet a Lady?

Sir Oliv. Dear *Sentry*, do not stab me with thy Words; But stab me with thy Bodkin rather, that I may here Dye a Sacrifice at her Feet, for all my disloyal Actions.

Sens. No, live, live, to be a Reproach and a Shame To all Rebellious Husbands; ah, that she had but My Heart! but thou hast bewitch'd her Affections; Thou should'st then dearly smart for This abominable Treason.

Gatty. So, now she begins to come to her self.

Aria. Set her more upright; And bend her a little forward.

La. Cock. Unfortunate Woman! let me go! Why do you hold me? would I had a Dagger at My Heart, to punish it for loving that ungrateful Man!

Sir Oliv. Dear Madam, were I but worthy Of your Pity and Belief.

La. Cock. Peace, peace, perfidious Man, I am too Tame and foolish— Were I every day at the Plays, The Park, and Mulberry Garden, with a kind Look Secretly to indulge the unlawful Passion of some Young Gallant; or did I associate my self with the Gaming Madams, and were every Afternoon at my Lady *Brief's*, and my Lady *Adams's* at *Dunbro*, And *Quebas*, pretending ill Luck to borrow Money of my Friend, and then pretending good Luck to excuse the Plenty to a Husband, my suspicious Demeanour had Reserv'd this; but I, who out of a scrupulous Tenderness to my Honour, and to comply with the Base Jealousie, have deny'd my self all those blameless Recreations, which a virtuous Lady might enjoy. To be thus inhumanely revild in my own Person, and thus unreasonably robb'd and abus'd in thine too!

Court. Sure she will take up anon, crack her Mind; or else the Devil's in't.

La. Cock. Do not stay and torment me with thy sight; Go, graceless Wretch, follow thy treacherous Resolutions; Do, and waste that poor stock of Comfort, Which I should have at home, upon those ravenous Cormorants below: I feel my Passion begin to Swell again.

Court. Now will she get an absolute Dominion over Him, and all this will be my Plague in the end.

She would if She could

[*Sir Oliver running up and down.*]

Sir Oliv. *Ned Courtall, Frank Freeman,*
Cousin *Ariana*, and dear Cousin *Gatty*;
For Heavens sake, join all, and moderate her Passion—
Ah, *Sentry*! forbear thy unjust Reproaches, take pity
On thy Master! thou hast a great Influence over her,
And I have always been mindful of thy Favours.

Sent. You do not deserve the least Compassion,
Nor would I speak a good Word for you, but that
I know, for all this, 'twill be acceptable to my poor Lady.
Dear Madam, do but look up a little;
Sir Oliver lies at your Feet an humble Penitent.

Aria. How bitterly he weeps! how sadly he sighs!

Gatty. I dare say he counterfeited his sin;
And is real in his Repentance.

Court. Compose your self a little, pray, Madam;
All this was meer Raillery, a way of Talk, which
Sir Oliver, being well bred, has learned among
The gay People of the Town.

Free. If you did but know, Madam, what an odious
Thing it is to be thought to love a Wife in good
Company, you would easily forgive him.

La. Cock. No, no; 'twas the mild Correction which
I gave him for his insolent Behaviour last Night,
That has encourag'd him agen thus to insult
Over my Affections.

Court. Come, come, *Sir Oliver*, out with your
Bosom-secret, and clear all things to your Lady;
Is it not as we have said?

Sir Oliv. Or may I never have the Happiness to be
In her good Grace agen; and as for the Harlots
Dear Madam, here is *Ned Courtall*, and *Frank Freeman*,
That have often seen me in Company of the Wicked;
Let 'em speak, if they ever knew me tempted
To a disloyal Action in their Lives.

Court. On my Conscience, Madam, I may more
Safely swear, that *Sir Oliver* has been constant to
Your Ladyship, than that a Girl of Twelve years old
Has her Maiden-head this warm and ripening Age.

Enter Sir Joslin.

Sir Oliv. Here's my Brother. *Josy* too can witness
The Loyalty of my Heart, That I did not intend
Any Treasonable Practice against your Ladyship,
In the least.

Sir Jos. Unless seguing 'em with a Beer-glass
Be included in the Statute. Come, Mr. *Courtall*, to—

She won't if she could.

Satisfie my Lady, and put her in a little Humour,
Let us sing the Catch I taught you yesterday, that was
Made by a Country Vicar on my Brother Cockwood and me.

They Sing.

Love and Wenching are Toys,

Fit to please Beardless Boys,

Th' are Sports we hate worse than a League,

When we visit a Adis,

We still brag how we Kiss,

But 'tis with a Bottle we segue her.

Sir Jos. Come, come, Madam, let all things be
Forgot; Dinner is ready, the Cloth is laid in the
Next Room, let us in and be merry; there was no
Harm meant as I am true little *Joslin*.

La. Cock. Sir *Oliver* knows I can't be angry with
Him, though he plays the naughty Man thus: But
Why, my Dear, won't y' expose your self in this
Ridiculous Habit, to the Censure of both our Honours?

Sir Oliv. Indeed I was to blame to be over-perswaded;
I intended dutifully to retire into the Pantry,
And there civilly to divert my self at Back-Gammon
With the Butler.

Sir Jos. Faith, I must even own, the Fault was mine;
I intic'd him hither, Lady.

Sir Oliv. How the Devil, Ned, came they to find
Us out here?

Court. No Blood-hound draws so sure as a jealous Woman.

Sir Oliv. I am afraid *Thomas* has been unfaithful:
Prithee, Ned, speak to my Lady, That there may be
A perfect Understanding between us, and that *Serry*
May be sent home for my Clothes, that I may no
Longer wear the Marks of her Displeasure.

Court. Let me alone, Sir *Oliver*.
How do you find your self, Madam, after
This violent Passion?

La. Cock. This has been a lucky Adventure,
Mr. Courtall; now am I absolute Mistress of
My own Conduct for a time.

Court. Then shall I be a happy Man, Madam:
I knew this would be the Consequence of all,
And yet could not I forbear the Project.

Sir Oliv. How didst thou stifle away *Rake-bell*,
And the Ladies, Brother?

Sir Jos. I have appointed 'em to meet us at six a Clock,

[To Sir Joslin]

At the New Spring-Garden.

Sir Oliv. Then will we yet, in sight of the Stars
That have cross'd us, be in Conjunction with
Madam Rampant, Brother.

Court. Come, Gentlemen, Dinner is on the Table.

Sir Jos. Ha! Sly-Girl and Mad-Cap, I'll enter
You, I faith; since you have found the way
To the Bear, I'll fegue you.

SINGS.

*When we visit a Miss,
We still brag how we Kiss;
But 'tis with a Bottle we fegue her.* *[Exeunt singing.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood.

La. Cock. **A** Lady cannot be too jealous of her Servants
Love, this faithless and inconstant Age:
His amorous Carriage to that prating Girl to day,
Though he pretends it was to blind Sir Oliv,
I fear, will prove a certain Sign of his revolted
Heart; the Letters I have counterfeited in these Girls
Name will clear all; if he accept of that Appointment,
And refuses mine, I need not any longer doubt.

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, have the Letters
And Message been deliver'd, as I directed?

Sentry. Punctually, Madam; I knew they were to be
Found at the latter end of a Play, I sent a Porter
First with the Letter to Mr. Courvall, who
Was at the King's-house, he sent for him out
By the Door-keeper, and deliver'd it into
His own Hands.

La. Cock. Did you keep on your Vizard; that
The Fellow might not know how to describe you?

Sentry. I did, Madam.

La. Cock. And how did he receive it?

Sentry. Like a Traytour to all Goodness, with
All the Signs of Joy imaginable.

La. Cock. Be not angry, Sentry, 'tis as my Heart

She won't, She could.

Willst it: What did you do with the Letter to
Mr. Freeman? For I thought fit to deliver 'em both.
To make my Policy less suspicious to *Courtsall*.

Sent. The Porter found him at the Duke's house,
Madam, and delivered it with like care.

La. Cock. Very well.

Sent. After the Letters were deliver'd, Madam,
I went my self to the Play-house, and sent in
For Mr. *Courtsall*, who came out to me immediately;
I told him your Ladyship presented your humble
Service to him, and that Sir *Oliver* was going
Into the City with Sir *Joſeph*, to visit his Brother
Courtsall, and that it would add much more
To your Ladyship's Happiness, if he would be pleas'd
To meet you in *Grays-Inn Walks* this lovely Evening.

La. Cock. And how did he entertain the Motion?

Sent. Bless me! I tremble still to think upon it!
I could not have imagin'd he had been so wicked;
He counterfeited the greatest Passion, rail'd at
His Fate, and swore a thousand horrid Oaths,
That since he came into the Play-house, he had
Notice of a Business, that concern'd both his
Honour and Fortune; and that he was an undone
Man, if he did not go about it presently;
Pray'd me to desire your Ladyship to excuse
Him this Evening, and that to morrow he
Would be wholly at your Devotion.

La. Cock. Ha, ha, ha! He little thinks how
Much he has oblig'd me.

Sent. I had much ado to forbear upbraiding
Him with his Ingratitude to your Ladyship.

La. Cock. Poor *Sentry*! be not concern'd for me,
I have conquer'd my Affection, and thou shalt find
It is not Jealousie has been my Counsellour in this.
Go, let our Hoods and Masks be ready,
That I may surprize *Courtsall*, and make the
Best Advantage of this lucky Opportunity.

Sent. I obey you, Madam.

La. Cock. How am I fill'd with Indignation?
To find my Person and my Passion both despis'd,
And what is more, so much precious Time
Fool'd away in fruitless Expectation: I would poison
My Face, so I might be reveng'd on this Ingrateful Villain.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. My Dearest!

La. Cock. My Dearest Dear! prithet do
Not go into the City to Night.

Sir

Sir Oliv. My Brother *Jolly* is gone before,
And I am to call him at Counsellour *Trot's*
Chamber in the *Temple*.

La. Cock. Well, if you did but know the fear
I have upon me, when you are absent, you would
Not seek Occasions to be from me thus.

Sir Oliv. Let me comfort thee with a Kiss;
What should'st thou be afraid of?

La. Cock. I cannot but believe that every Woman
That sees thee, must be in Love with thee, as I am:
Do not blame my Jealousie.

Sir Oliv. I protest, I wou'd refuse a Countess
Rather than abuse thee, poor Heart.

La. Cock. And then you are so desperate upon
The least Occasion, I shou'd have acquainted
You else with something that concerns your Honour.

Sir Oliv. My Honour! you ought in duty to do it.

La. Cock. Nay, I knew how passionate you wou'd
Be presently; therefore you shall never know it.

Sir Oliv. Do not leave me in doubt, I shall
Suspect every one I look upon: I will kill
A Common-Council-Man or two, before I come
Back, if you do not tell me.

La. Cock. Dear, how I tremble! Will you
Promise me you will not quarrel then? If you tender
My Life and Happiness, I am sure you will not.

Sir Oliv. I will bear any thing rather than be
An Enemy to thy Quiet, my Dear.

La. Cock. I cou'd wish Mr. *Courtall* a Man of better
Principles, because I know you love him, my Dear.

Sir Oliv. Why, what has he done?

La. Cock. I always treated him with great Respects,
Out of my Regard to your Friendship; but he, like
An impudent Man as he is, to day misconstruing
My Civility, in most unseemly Language,
Made a foul Attempt upon my Honour.

Sir Oliv. Death, and Hell, and Furies! I will
Have my Pumps, and long Sword!

La. Cock. Oh, I shall faint! did not you promise
Me you wou'd not be so rash?

Sir Oliv. Well, I will not kill him, for fear of
Murdering thee, my Dear.

La. Cock. You may decline your Friendship, and
By your Coldness give him no Encouragement
To visit our Family.

Sir Oliv. I think thy Advice the best for this once indeed!
For it is not fit to publish such a Business:

But if he should be ever tempting or attempting,
Let me know it prithee, my Dear.

La. Cock. If you moderate your self according
To my Directions now, I shall never conceal
Any thing from you, that may increase your
Just Opinion of my Conjugal-Fidelity.

Sir Oliv. Was ever Man bleis'd with such a
Vertuous Lady! Yet cannot I forbear going
A ranging agen. Now must I to the *Spring-Garden*,
To meet my Brother *Jolly* and *Madam Rumpant*.

La. Cock. Prithee be so good to think how
Melancholy I spend my time here; for I have
Joy in no Company, but thine; and let that
Bring thee home a little sooner.

Sir Oliv. Thou hast been so kind in this Discovery,
That I am loth to leave thee.

La. Cock. I wish you had not been engag'd so far.

Sir Oliv. Ay, that's it: Farewel, my vertuous Dear.

La. Cock. Farewel, my dearest Dear. I know
He has not Courage enough to question *Courtall*.
But this will make him hate him, encrease his
Confidence of me, and justifie my banishing that
False Fellow our House: It is not fit a Man that
Has abus'd my Love, should come hither, and pry
Into my Actions; besides, this will make his
Access more difficult to that wanton Baggage.

Enter Ariana and Gatty with their Hoods and Masks.

Whither are you going, Cousins?

Gatty. To take the Air upon the Water, Madam.

Aria. And for variety, to walk a Tern or two
In the New *Spring-Garden*.

La. Cock. I heard you were gone abroad.

With Mr. *Courtall*, and Mr. *Freeman*.

Gatty. For Heaven's sake, why should your Ladyship
Have such an ill-Opinion of us?

La. Cock. The Truth is, before I saw you, I believ'd
It meerly the vanity of that prating Man;

Mr. *Courtall* told Mrs. *Gazette* this morning,

That you were so well acquainted already, that you
Wou'd meet him and Mr. *Freeman* any where;

And that you had promis'd 'em to receive

And make Appointment by Letters.

Gatty. Oh impudent Man!

Aria. Now you see the Consequence, Sister,
Of our rambling; they have rais'd this false Story.

From our innocent fooling with 'em in the *Antiberry-Garden* last night.

Gatty. I can't almost forswear ever speaking to a Man agen.

La. Cock.

She would if She could.

La. Cock. Was Mr. *Courtall* in the *Mulberry-Garden*, last night?

Aria. Yes, Madam.

La. Cock. And did he speak to you?

Gatty. There pass'd a little harmless Rallery
Betwixt us; but you amaze me, Madam.

Aria. I cou'd not imagine any Man cou'd be thus unworthy.

La. Cock. He has quite lost my good Opinion too:
In Duty to Sir *Oliver*, I have hitherto shew'd
Him some Countenance; but I shall hate him
Hereafter for your sakes. But I detain you from your Recreations, Cousins.

Gatty. We are very much oblig'd to your Ladyship for this timely notice.

Aria. Gatt. Your Servant, Madam.

[*Ex. Aria. and Gatt.*]

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins—

In the *Mulberry-Garden* last night! when I sat languishing,
And vainly expecting him at home: This has
Incens'd me so, that I could kill him. I am glad
These Girls are gone to the *Spring-Garden*,
It helps my Design; the Letters I have counterfeited,
Have appointed *Courtall* and *Freeman* to meet
Them there, they will produce 'em, and confirm
All I have said: I will daily poison these Girls
With such Lies, as shall make their Quarrel to
Courtall irreconcilable, and render *Freeman*
Only suspected; for I would not have him
Thought equally guilty: He secretly began
To make an Address to me at the *Bar*, and
This Breach shall give him an Opportunity
To pursue it.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Here are your things, Madam.

La. Cock. That's well: Oh *Sentry*! I shall once
More be happy; for now Mr. *Courtall* has given
Me an Occasion, that I may, without Ingratitude,
Check his unlawful Passion, and free my self
From the trouble of an Intrigue, that gives me
Every day such fearful Apprehensions of my Honour.

[*Ex. Lady Cockwood and Sentry.*]

SCENE II.

New Spring-Garden.

Enter Sir Jollin, Rake-hell, and Waiter.

Wait. Will you be pleas'd to walk into an Arbour, Gentlemen?

Sir Jof. By and by, good Sir.

Rake. I wonder Sir *Oliver* is not come yet.

Sir Jof.

Sir *Jos.* Nay, he will not fall, I warrant thee, Boy; but what's the matter with thy Nose, my little *Rake-bell*?

Rake. A foolish Accident; jesting at the *Fleece* This Afternoon, I mistook my Man a little, a dull Rogue that could not understand Raillery, Made a sudden Repatee with a Quart-pot, Sir *Joslin*.

Sir *Jos.* Why didst not thou stick him to the Wall, my little *Rake-bell*?

Rake. The truth is, Sir *Joslin*, he deserv'd it; But look you, in case of a doubtful Wound, I am unwilling to give my Friends too often the Trouble to bail me; and if it shou'd be Mortal, you know a younger Brother has Not wherewithal to rebate the edge of a Witness, and mollifie the Hearts of a Jury.

Sir *Jos.* This is very prudently consider'd indeed.

Rake. 'Tis time to be wise, Sir; my Courage has Almost run me out of a considerable Annuity, When I liv'd first about this Town, I agreed With a Surgeon for Twenty pounds a Quarter To cure me of all the Knocks, Bruises, and Green Wounds I shou'd receive, and in one half Year The poor Fellow begg'd me to be releas'd Of his Bargain, and swore I wou'd undo him Else in Lint and Balfom.

Enter Sir Oliver.

Sir *Jos.* Ho! here's my Brother *Cockwood* come.
Sir *Oliv.* I, Brother *Jolly*, I have kept my word, You see; but 'tis a barbarous thing to abuse my Lady, I have had such a Proof of her Vertue, I will tell thee all anon.

But where's Madam *Rampant*, and the rest of The Ladies, Mr. *Rake-bell*?

Rake. Faith, Sir, being disappointed at noon, They were unwilling any more to sat a Certainty At hazard: 'Tis Term-time, and they have

Severally betook themselves, some to their Chamber-practice, and others to the Places of Publick Pleadings.

Sir *Oliv.* Faith, Brother *Jolly*, let us e'en go into An Arbour, and then fegue Mr. *Rake-bell*.

Sir *Jos.* With all my Heart, wou'd we had Madam *Rampant*.

SINGS.

*She's as frolick and free,
As her Lovers dare be,
Never aw'd by a foolish Puntilio;
She'll not start from her Place,
Though thou nam'st a Black Abe,
And will drink a Beer-glass to Spudilio.*

She would if She cou'd.

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Hey, Boys ! Come, come, come ! let's in,
And delay our Sport no longer.

[*Ex. singing, She'll not part from her, &c.*

Enter Courtall and Freeman, severally.

Court. Freeman !

Free. Courtall, what the Devil's the matter with thee ?
I have observ'd thee prying up and down
The Walks like a Citizen's Wife, that has dropt her
Holiday Pocket-Handkercher.

Court. What unlucky Devil has brought thee hither ?

Free. I believe a better-natur'd Devil than yours,
Courtall, if a Leveret be better Meat than an old
Puss, that has been cours'd by most of the young
Fellows of her Country : I am not working my Brain
For a Counter-plot, a Disappointment is not my bus'ness.

Court. You are mistaken, Freeman : Prithee be
Gone, and leave me the Garden to my self, or
I shall grow as testy as an old Fowler that is put
By his shoot, after he has crept half a mile upon his belly.

Free. Prithee be thou gone, or I shall take it as
Unkindly as a Chymist wou'd, if thou should'st
Kick down his Limbeck in the very minute
That he look'd for projection.

Court. Come, come ; you must yield, Freeman,
Your business cannot be of such consequence as mine.

Free. If ever thou hadst a bus'ness of such
Consequence in thy Life as mine is, I will condescend
To be made incapable of Affairs presently.

Court. Why, I have an appointment made me,
Man, without my seeking, by a Woman, for
Whom I wou'd have mortgag'd my whole Estate,
To have had her abroad but to break a Cheese-Cake.

Free. And I have an Appointment made me without
My seeking too, by such a fig, that I will break the whole
Ten Commandments, rather than
Disappoint her of her breaking one.

Court. Come, you do but jest, Freeman ; a forsaken Mistress
Gou'd not be more malicious than thou art : prithee be gone.

Free. Prithee do thou be gone.

Court. 'sDeath ! the sight of thee will scare my Woman for ever.

Free. 'sDeath ! the sight of thee will make my
Woman believe me the falsest Villain breathing.

Court. We shall stand fooling till we are both
Undone, and I know not how to help it.

Free. Let us proceed honestly like Friends,
Discover the truth of things to one another, and

If we cannot reconcile our Business, we will Draw Cuts, and part fairly.

Court. I do not like that way; for talk is only Allowable at the latter end of an Intrigue, and Shou'd never be us'd at the beginning of an Amour, For fear of frightening a young Lady from Her good Intentions——yet I care not, though I Read the Letter, but I will conceal the Name.

Free. I have a Letter too, and am content to do the same.

Court. reads. Sir, in sending you this Letter, I proceed against the Modesty of our Sex——

Free. 'sDeath, this begins just like my Letter.

Court. Do you read on then——

Free. reads. But let not the good Opinion I have Conceiv'd of you, make you too severe in your Censuring of me——

Court. Word for word.

Free. Now do you read agen.

Court. reads. If you give your self the trouble to be Walking in the New Spring-Garden this Evening, I will meet you there, and tell you a Secret, which I have reason to fear, because it comes to your Knowledge by my means, will make you hate Your humble Servant.

Free. Verbatim my Letter; Hey-day!

Court. Prithee let's compare the Hands.

[*They compare 'em.*]

Free. 'sDeath, the Hand's the same.

Court. I hope the Name is not the same too——

Free. If it be, we are finely jilted, faith.

Court. I long to be undeceiv'd; prithee do Thou show first, *Freeman.*

Free. No—— But both together, if you will.

Court. Agreed.

Free. Ariana.

Court. Gatty—— Ha, ha, ha.

Free. The little Rogues are masculine in their Proceedings, and have made one another Confidants in their Love.

Court. But I do not like this altogether so well,

Franck; I wish they had appointed us several Places: For though 'tis evident they have Trusted one another with the bargain, no Woman ever seals before Witnoss.

Free. Prithee how didst thou escape the snares Of the Old Devil this Afternoon?

Court. With much ado: *Sowry* had set me; if her

She would if She could.

Ladiship had got me into her clutches, there
Had been no getting me off without a Refuse,
Or paying down the Money; for she
Always Arrests upon Execution.

Free. You made a handsome Lie to her Woman.

Court. For all this, I know she's angry; for she
Thinks nothing a just Excuse in these Cases,
Though it were to save the Forfeit of a Man's
Estate, or reprove the Life of her own natural Brother.

Free. Faith, thou hast not done altogether like
A Gentleman with her; thou should'st fast thy
Self up to a Stomach now and then, to oblige
Her; if there were nothing in it, but the hearty
Welcome, methinks 'twere enough to make thee
Bear, sometimes, with the Homeliness of the Fare.

Court. I know not what I might do in a Camp,
Where there were no other Woman; but I shall
Hardly in this Town, where there is such Plenty,
Forbear good Meat, to get my self an Appetite to Horse-flesh.

Free. This is rather an Aversion in thee, than any
Real Fault in the Woman; if this lucky Business
Had not fallen out, I intended, with your good leave,
To have out-bid you for her Ladiship's Favour.

Court. I should never have consented to that, *Frank*;
Though I am a little resty at present, I am not such
A Jade, but I should strain if another rid against me;
I have ere now lik'd nothing in a Woman,
That I have lov'd at last in spite only,
Because another had a mind to her.

Free. Yonder are a couple of Vizards tripping towards us.

Court. 'Tis they, I faith.

Free. We need not divide, since they come together.

Court. I was a little afraid when we compar'd
Letters, they had put a Trick upon us; but now
I am confirm'd they are mighty honest.

Enter Ariana and Gatty.

Aria. We cannot avoid 'em.

Gatty. Let us dissemble our Knowledge of their
Business a little, and then take 'em down in
The height of their Assurance.

Court. *Free.* Your Servant, Ladies.

Aria. I perceive it is as impossible, Gentlemen,
To walk without you, as without our Shadows;
Never were poor Women so haunted by the
Ghosts of their self-murder'd Lovers.

Gatty. If it shou'd be our good Fortunes to have

You in Love with us, we will take care you
Shall not grow desperate, and leave the
World in an ill Humour.

Aria. If you shou'd, certainly your Ghosts
Would be very malicious.

Court. 'Twere pity you shou'd have your Curtains
Drawn in the dead of the Night, and your pleasing
Slumbers interrupted by any thing but Flesh and Blood, Ladies.

Free. Shall we walk a Turn?

Aria. By your selves, if you please.

Gatty. Our Company may put a constraint upon you;
For I find you daily hover about these Gardens,
As a Kite does about a Backside,
Watching an opportunity to catch up the Poultry.

Aria. Wo be to the Daughter or Wife of some
Merchant-Taylor, or poor Felt-maker now;
For you seldom row to Fox-hall, without
Some such Plot against the City.

Free. You wrong us, Ladies, our bus'ness
Has happily succeeded, since we have the
Honour to wait upon you.

Gatty. You could not expect to see us here.

Court. Your true Lover, Madam, when he misses
His Mistress, is as restless as a Spaniel that has
Lost his Master; he ranges up and down
The Plays, the Park, and all the Gardens, and
Never stays long, but where he has the
Happiness to see her.

Gatty. I suppose your Mistress, Mr. Courtall, is
Always the last Woman you are acquainted with.

Court. Do not think, Madam, I have that false
Measure of my Acquaintance, which Poets have
Of their Verses, always to think the last best.
Though I esteem you so, in Justice to your Merit.

Gatty. Or if you do not love her best, you always
Love to talk of her most; as a barren Coxcomb,
That wants Discourse, is ever entertaining
Company out of the last Book he read in.

Court. Now you accuse me most unjustly, Madam;
Who, the Devil, that has common sense, will go
A Birding with a Clack in his Cap?

Aria. Nay, we do not blame, Gentlemen,
Every one in their way; a Huntsman talks of his
Dogs, a Falconer of his Hawks, a Jockey of
His Horse; and a Gallant of his Mistress.

Gatty. Without the allowance of this Vanity, an
Amour would soon grow as dull as Matrimony.

Court. Whatsoever you say, Ladies, I cannot Believe you think us Men of such abominable Principles.

Free. For my part, I have ever held it as Ingrateful To boast of the Favours of a Mistress, as to deny The Courtesies of a Friend.

Court. A Friend that bravely ventures his Life in The Field to serve me, deserves but equally with A Mistress that kindly exposes her Honour to Oblige me, especially when she does it as Generously too, and with as little Ceremony.

Free. And I would no more betray the Honour Of such a Woman, than I would the Life of a Man that shou'd rob on purpose to supply me.

Gatty. We believe you Men of Honour, and know It is below you to talk of any Woman that deserves it.

Aria. You are so generous, you seldom insult after a Victory.

Gatty. And so vain, that you always triumph before it.

Court. Death! what's the meaning of all this?

Gatty. Though you find us so kind, Mr. Court, Pray do not tell Mrs. Gazette to morrow, that we came Hither on purpose this Evening, to meet you.

Court. I would as soon Print it, and see a Fellow To post it up with the Play-bills.

Gatty. You have receiv'd a great deal of Confidence In her, for all you pretend this Ill Opinion Of her Secrecy now.

Court. I never trusted her with the name of A Mistress, that I should be jealous of, if I saw her Receive fruit, and go out of the Play-house With a Stranger.

Gatty. For ought as I see, we are infinitely Oblig'd to you, Sir.

Court. 'Tis impossible to be insensible of so Much Goodness, Madam.

Gatty. What Goodness, pray, Sir?

Court. Come, come, give over this Railery.

Gatty. You are so ridiculously unworthy, that 'twere A Folly to reprove you with a serious look.

Court. On my Conscience, your Heart begins to Fall you now we are coming to the point, as a Young Fellow's that was never in the Field before.

Gatty. You begin to amaze me.

Court. Since you your self sent the Challenge, You must not in Honour flie off now.

Gatty. Challenge! Oh Heavens! this confirms all: Were I a Man, I would kill thee for the Injuries thou hast already done me.

Free. to *Aria*. Let not your Infusion of my Unkindness, make you thus scrupulous; was ever City ill treated, that surrendered without Assault or Summons?

Aria. Dear Sister, what ill Spirit brought us hither? I never met with so much Impudence in my Life.

Court. aside. Hey, Jilts! they are as good as it Already as the Old one's Faith.

Free. Come, Ladies, you have exercis'd your Wit enough; you won't now venture Letters Of such consequence for a Jest only.

Gatty. Letters! Bless me, what will this come to?

Court. To that none of us shall have cause to Repent, I hope, Madam.

Aria. Let us flie 'em, Sister, they are Devils And not Men, they could never be so malicious else.

Enter Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.

La. Cock. Your Servant, Cousins.

Court. starting. Ho, my Lady Cockwood! My Ears Are grown an inch already.

Aria. My Lady! She'll think this an Appointment, Sister.

Free. This is Madam Matchless, I suspect, *Court.*

Court. Nay, 'tis her Plot doubtless: Now am I As much out of Countenance, as I should be if Sir Oliver Should take me making bold with her Ladship.

La. Cock. Do not let me discompose you, I can walk alone, Cousins.

Gatty. Are you so uncharitable, Madam, to think We have any business with 'em?

Aria. It has been our ill Fortune to meet them here And nothing could be so lucky as your Coming, Madam, to free us from 'em.

Gatty. They have abus'd us in the grossest manner.

Aria. Counterfeited Letters under our Hands.

La. Cock. Never trouble your selves, Cousins, I have heard this is a common practice with such Unworthy Men: Did they not threaten to divulge Them, and defame you to the World?

Gatty. We cannot believe they intend any thing less, Madam.

La. Cock. Doubtless, they had such a mean Opinion Of your Wit and Honour, that they thought to Fright you to a base compliance with their wicked Purposes.

Aria. I hate the very sight of 'em.

Gatty. I could almost wish my self a Dissembler To breathe Infection upon 'em.

Court. Very pretty? we have carried on our designs, Very luckily against these young Ladies.

Free. We have lost their good Opinion for ever.

La. Cock.

La. Cock. I know not whether their Folly or their Impudence be greater, they are not worth your Anger; they are only fit to be laugh'd at, and despis'd.

Court. A very fine Old Devil this!

La. Cock. Mr. Freeman, this is not like a Gentleman, To affront a couple of Young Ladies thus; but I Cannot blame you so much; you are, in a manner, A Stranger to our Family: But I wonder how that Base Man can look me in the Face, considering How civilly he has been treated at our House!

Court. The truth is, Madam; I am a Rascal; but I fear you have contributed to the making me so: Be not as unmerciful as the Devil is to a poor Sinner.

Sent. Did you ever see the like? Never trull Me, if he has not the Confidence to make my Vertuous Lady accessary to his Wickedness.

La. Cock. Ay, Sentry, 'tis a Miracle if my Honour Escapes, considering the Access which his Greatness With Sir Oliver has given him dally to me.

Free. Faith, Ladies, we did not counterfeit these Letters, we are abus'd as well as you.

Court. I receiv'd mins from a Porter at the King's Play-house, and I will show it you, that you may See if you know the Hand.

La. Cock. Sentry, are you sure they never saw Any of your Writing?

Court. 'sDeath! I am so discompos'd, I know Not where I have put it.

Sent. Oh Madam! now I remember my self, Mrs. Gatty help'd me once to indite a Letter to my Sweet-heart.

La. Cock. Forgetful Wench! then I am undone.

Court. Oh, here it is — Hey, who's here?

[As he has the Letter in hand, Enter Sir Jolin, Sir Oliver, and Rake-hell, all drunk; with Musick.]

They Sing.

*She's no Mistress of mine,
That drinks not her Wine,
Or frowns at my Friends Drinking-Motions;
If my Health thou would'st gain,
Drink thy Bottle of Champaign,
'Twill serve thee for Pains, and Love-Pains.*

Sir Oliv. Who's here? **Courtall,** in my Lady's Company! I'll dispatch him presently; Help me, Brother Folly.

[He draws.]
La. Cock.

La. Cock. For Heavens sake, *Sir Oliver* [Courtall drawing.] What do ye mean, *Sir*?

Sir Oliv. I'll teach you more manners, than

To make your Attempts on my Lady, *Sir*.

La. Cock. and *Sent.* Oh Murder! Murder!

La. Cock. Save my dear *Sir Oliver*, Oh my
Dear *Sir Oliver*!

[They strike]

[The Young Ladies strike, and run out; they all draw to part them; they fight off the Stage; she strikes, and runs out.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Oliver's Dining-Room.

Enter Lady Cockwood, Table, and Carpet.

La. Cock. I Did not think he had been so desperate in
His drink; if they had kill'd one another,
I had then been reveng'd, and freed from all my Fears—

Enter Sentry.

Sentry, your Carelessness and Forgetfulness
Some time or other will undo me;
Had not *Sir Oliver*, and *Sir Joslin*, came so luckily
Into the Garden, the Letters had been discover'd,
And my Honour left to the Mercy of a false Man;
And two young fleeing Girls: Did you speak
To Mr. Freeman unperturb'd in the Harry?

Sent. I did, Madam; and he charg'd me to disengage
Himself as soon as possibly he could, and wait
Upon your Ladyship with all Secrecy.

La. Cock. I have some reason to believe him
A Man of Honour.

Sent. Methinks indeed his very Look, Madam,
Speaks him to be much more a Gentleman
Than Mr. Courtall; but I was unwilling before
Now to let your Ladyship know my Opinion, for
Fear of offending your Inclinations.

La. Cock. I hope by his means to get these Letters
Into my own hands, and so prevent the Inconveniencies
They may bring upon my Honour.

Sent. I wonder, Madam, what should be
Sir Oliver's Quarrel to Mr. Courtall.

La. Cock.

La. Cock. You know how apt he is to be suspicious
In his Drink; 'tis very likely he thought Mr. Courtall
Betray'd him at the Bear to day.

Sent. Pray Heaven he be not jealous of your
Ladiship, finding you abroad so unexpectedly; if
He be, we shall have a sad hand of him when
He comes home, Madam.

La. Cock. I should have apprehended it much
My self, Sentry, if his drunkenness had not unadvisedly
Ingag'd him in his Quarrel; as soon as he grows
A little sober, I am sure his Fear will bring him
Home, and make him apply himself to me, with
All Humility and Kindness; for he is ever under-hand,
Fain to use my Interest and Discretion to
Make Friends to compound these Businessses,
Or to get an Order for the securing his
Person and his Honour.

Sent. I believe verily, Mr. Courtall wou'd have
Been so rude to have kill'd him, if Mr. Freeman and
The rest had not civilly interpos'd their Weapons.

La. Cock. Heavens forbid! though he be a wicked
Man, I am oblig'd in duty to love him: Whither
Did my Cousins go after we came home, Sentry?

Sent. They are at the next door, Madam,
Laughing and playing at Lantrelou, with my old
Lady Love-you and her Daughters.

La. Cock. I hope they will not come home then
To interrupt my Affairs with Mr. Freeman.

[Knocking without]

Hark! some body knocks; it may be him:
Run down quickly.

Sent. I fly, Madam.

[Exit Sentry.]

La. Cock. Now if he has a real Inclination for my
Person, I'll give him a handsome Opportunity
To reveal it.

Enter Sentry and Freeman.

Free. Your Servant, Madam.

La. Cock. Oh, Mr. Freeman! this unlucky Accident
Has robb'd me of all my Quiet; I am almost distracted
With thinking of the danger Sir Oliver's dear
Life is in.

Free. You need not fear, Madam, all things will
Be reconcil'd again to morrow.

Sent. You wou'd not blame my Lady's
Apprehensions, did you but know the
Tenderness of her Affections.

La. Cock.

She won't if She could.

La. Cock. Mr. Courtall is a false and treacherous Man, you know very well.

Free. He has always own'd his great Respect for Your Ladyship, and I never heard him mention You with the least Dishonour.

La. Cock. He cannot, without injuring the truth; Heaven knows my Innocence: I hope you did not let him know, Sir, of your coming hither.

Free. I shou'd never merit the Happiness To wait upon you agen, had it not been for This extraordinary Favour, Madam.

La. Cock. If I have done any thing unbecoming My Honour; I hope you will be just, Sir, and Impute it to my Fear; I know no Man so proper To compose this unfortunate Difference, as Your self; and if a Lady's Tears and Prayers Have power to move you to compassion, I know you will imploy your utmost endeavour, To preserve me, my dear Sir *Oliver*.

Free. Do not, Madam, afflict your self so much; I dare ingage my Life, His Life and Honour shall be both secure.

La. Cock. You are truly Noble, Sir; I was so Distracted with my Fears, that I cannot well Remember how we parted at the *Spring Garden*.

Free. We all divided, Madam, after your Ladyship And the Young Ladies were gone together; Sir *Oliver*, Sir *Yoslin*, and the Company with them, Took one Boat, and Mr. Courtall and I another.

La. Cock. Then I need not apprehend their Meeting again to Night.

Free. You need not, Madam; I left Mr. Courtall in His Chamber, wondering what should make Sir *Oliver* draw upon him; and Meeting and Fuming about the Trick that was put upon us With the Letters to day.

La. Cock. Oh! I had almost forgot my self; I assure you, Sir, those Letters were sent by one, That has no Inclination to be an Enemy of yours.

Some Body knocks. *[Knocking Voice.]*
If it be Sir *Oliver*, I am undone, he will hate me mortally,
If he does but suspect I use any secret Means,
To hinder him from justifying his Reputation honourably to the World.

She would if She could.

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Enter Sentry.
Sent. Oh Madam! Here is Mr. Courtall below in
The Entry, discharging a Coachman; I told
Him your Ladyship was busie, but he would
Not hear me, and, I find, do what I can.
He will come up.

La. Cock. I would not willingly suspect you, Sir.
Free. I have deceiv'd him, Madam, in my coming
Hither, and am as unwilling he should find me
Here, as you can be.

La. Cock. He will not believe my innocent business
With you, but will raise a new Scandal on my
Honour, and publish it to the whole Town.

Sent. Let him step in the Closet, Madam.

La. Cock. Quick, Sir, quick, I beseech you, I will
Send him away again immediately.

Enter Courtall.
La. Cock. Mr. Courtall! Have you no sense of
Honour nor Modesty left? after so many injuries
To come into our House, and without my
Approbation, rudely press upon my
Retirement thus?

Court. Pray, Madam, hear my Business.

La. Cock. Thy Business is maliciously to pursue
My Ruine; thou comest with a base design to have
Sir Oliver catch thee here, and destroy the
Only Happiness I have.

Court. I come, Madam, to beg your pardon for
The Fault I did unwillingly commit, and to know
Of you the reason of Sir Oliver's Quarrel to me.

La. Cock. Thy guilty Conscience is able to tell
Thee that, vain and ungrateful Man!

Court. I am innocent, Madam, of all things that
May offend him; and I am sure, if you would
But hear me, I should remove the Justice
Of your Quarrel too.

La. Cock. You are mistaken, Sir, if you think
I am concern'd for your going to the Spring-Garden
This Evening; my Quarrel is the same with
Sir Oliver, and is so just, that thou deserv'st to
Be punish'd for what thou hast done.

Court. Pray, Madam, let me know my Fault.

La. Cock. I blush to think upon't: Sir Oliver, since
We came from the Bear, has heard something
Thou hast said concerning me; but what it is,

I don't

She would if She could.

I could not get him to discover: He told me 'twas
Enough for me to know he was guilty
Of my Innocence.

Court. This is meer Passion, Madam.

La. Cock. This is the usual Revenge of such base
Men as thou art, when they cannot compass
Their Ends, with their venomous Tongues
To blast the Honour of a Lady.

Court. This is a sudden alteration, Madam; within
These few hours you had a kinder Opinion of me.

La. Cock. 'Tis no wonder you brag of Favours
Behind my back, that have the Impudence to
Upbraid me with Kindness to my face; dost
Thou think I could ever have a good thought of
Thee, whom I have always found so treacherous
In thy Friendship to Sir Oliver.

Enter Sentry.

Sent. Oh, Madam! here is Sir Oliver come home.

La. Cock. O Heavens! I shall be believ'd guilty
Now, and he will kill us both.

Court. I warrant you, Madam, I'll defend your Life.

La. Cock. Oh! there will be Murder, Murder!
For Heaven's sake, Sir, hide your self in some
Corner or other.

Court. I'll step into that Closet, Madam.

Sent. Hold, hold, Sir; by no means: his Pipes
And his Tabacco-box lie there, and he
Always goes in to fetch 'em.

La. Cock. Your malice will soon be at an end:
Heaven-knows what will be the fatal Consequence
Of your being found here.

Sent. Madam, let him creep under the Table,
The Carpet is long enough to hide him.

La. Cock. Have you good Nature enough to
Save the Life and Reputation of a Lady?

Court. Any thing to oblige you, Madam.

La. Cockwood running to the Closet.

La. Cock. Be sure you do not stir, Sir,
Whatsoever happens.

Court. Not unless he pulls me out by the Ears.

Sent. Good! he thinks my Lady speaks to him.

Enter Sir Oliver.

La. Cock. My dear Sir Oliver—

Sir Oliv. I am unworthy of this Kindness, Madam.

La. Cock. Nay, I intend to chide you for your

Naughtiness

She would if she could.

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Naughtiness anon; but I cannot chuse but hug
Thee, and kiss thee a little first; I was afraid
I should never have had thee alive within
These Arms agen.

Sir Oliv. Your Goodness does so increase my
Shame, I know not what to say, Madam.

La. Cock. Well, I am glad I have thee safe at
Home, I will lock thee up above in my Chamber;
And will not so much as traile thee down stairs,
Till there be an end of this Quarrel.

Sir Oliv. I was so little my self, I knew not what
I did, else I had not expos'd my Person to so
Much danger before thy Face.

Sent. 'Twas cruelly done, Sir, knowing the killing
Concerns my Lady for you.

La. Cock. If Mr. Courtall had kill'd thee, I was
Resolv'd not to survive thee; but before I had
Dy'd, I would have dearly reveng'd thy Murder.

Sir Oliv. As soon as I had recollected my self
A little, I could not rest till I came home to give thee
This satisfaction, that I will do nothing without
Thy Advice and Approbation, my Dear: I know
Thy Love makes thy Life depend upon mine,
And it is unreasonable I should, upon my own
Rash Head hazard that, though it be for the
Justification of thy Honour.

Uds me, I have let fall a China-Orange, that
Was recommended to me for one of the best
That came over this Year; 'Life, light the Candle,

Sentry, 'tis run under the Table.

La. Cock. Oh, I am not well!

[Sentry takes up the Candle, there is a great knocking at the door,
she runs away with the Candle.]

Sent. Oh Heaven! who's that knocks
So hastily?

Sir Oliv. Why, Sentry! bring back the Candle;
Are you mad to leave us in the dark, and your
Lady not well? How is it, my Dear?

La. Cock. For Heaven's sake run after her, Sir Oliver,
Snatch the Candle out of her hand, and teach
Her more Manners.

Sir Oliv. I will, my Dear.

La. Cock. What shall I do? Was ever Woman
So unskill'd in the management of Affairs!

Court. What will become of me now?

La. Cock. It must be so; I had better trust my
Honour

The School of Divinity

Honour to the Mercy of them two, than he
Betray'd to my Husband: Mr. Cock, give
Me your Hand quickly, I beseech you.

Cock. Here, here, Madam, what's to be done now?

La. Cock. I will put you into the Closet, Sir.

Cock. He'll be coming in for his Tobacco-Box
And Pipes.

La. Cock. Never fear that, Sir.

[Freeman out of the Closet door.]

Pres. Now shall I be discover'd;

Pox on your honourable Intrigue;

Wou'd I were safe at Gifford's.

La. Cock. Here, here, Sir; this is the door;

Whatsoever you feel be not frighted; for

Shou'd you make the least disturbance,

You will destroy the Life, and what is more,

The Honour of an unfortunate Lady.

Cock. So, so, if you have occasion to remove

Agon, make no Ceremony, Madam.

Enter Sir Oliver, Sundry, Ariana, Gatty.

Sir Oliv. Here is the Candle; how dost thou,
My dear?

La. Cock. I cou'd not imagine, Sundry, you had
Been so ill-bred, to run away, and leave your
Master and me in the dark.

Sund. I thought there had been another Candle
Upon the Table, Madam.

La. Cock. Good! you thought! you are always
Excusing of your Carelessness; such another
Mistake nor

Sir Oliv. Prithee, my Dear, forgive her.

La. Cock. The truth is, I ought not to be very
Angry with her at present; 'tis a good-natur'd Creature:

She was so frighted for fear of

Thy being mischief'd in the Spring-Garden,

That I verily believe she scarce knows

What she does yet.

Sir Oliv. Light the Candle, Sundry, that I
May look for my Orange.

La. Cock. You have been at my Lady Love-your's,
Cousins, I hear.

Aria. We have, Madam.

Gatty. She charg'd us to remember her Service to you.

Sir Oliv. So, here it is, my Dear, I brought it
Home on purpose for thee.

La. Cock.

The world if She could.

La. Cock. 'Tis a lovely Orange indeed! I thank you. To am I not home?
My Dear; I am so discompos'd with the flight of time, that I
I have had, that I would fain be as well as I can. I have had
Sir Olive. Get a Candle, *Will you go?* I have had a very good
To bed, my Dear?

La. Cock. With all my heart, *Sir Oliver.* 'Tis late for you to go to bed.
Cousins, you had best retire to your Chamber now. I have had a very good
Gatty. We shall not stay long here, *Madam.* I have had a very good
Sir Olive. Come, my Dear.

La. Cock. Good night, Cousins.
Gar. and Aria. Your Servant, *Madam.* I have had a very good
[Enter *Sir Oliver, Lady Cockwood, and Sentry.*

Aria. I cannot but think of that Letter, *Sister.* I have had a very good
Gatty. That is, you cannot but think of Mr. *Freemantle* and his Sister. A
Sister; I perceive he runs in the head as much as the rest of the family.
A new Gown uses to do in the Country, she has had a very good
Night before 'tis expected from London.

Aria. You need not talk, for I am sure the Losses
Of an unlucky Gamester are not more his
Meditation, than Mr. *Couriall* is yours. I have had a very good

Gatty. He has made some slight impression on my Memory, I confess; but I hope a night will
Wear him out again, as it does the rest of the family.
Of a Fiddle after Dancing.

Aria. Love, like some stains, will wear out of it
Self, I know, but not in such a little time as
You talk of, *Sister.*

Gatty. It cannot last longer than the stain of a
Mulberry at most; the next season out that goes,
And my Heart cannot be long unfrankful, sure.

Aria. Well, I cannot believe they forg'd these Letters; for
What should be their End?

Gatty. That you may easily guess at; but methinks
They took a very improper way to compass it.

Aria. It looks more like the Malice or jealousy
Of a Woman, than the Design of two witty Men.

Gatty. If this should prove a Fetch of her Ladyship's
Now, that is playing the loving Hypocrite
Above with her dear *Sir Oliver.*

Aria. How unluckily we were interrupted,
When they were going to show us the Hand.

Gatty. That might have discover'd all. I have
Small suspicion, that there has been a little
Familiarity between her Ladyship and
Mr. *Couriall.*

Aria. Our finding of 'em together in the Exchange,
And several passages I observ'd at the Bar, have

Should if She could.

Almost made me of the same Opinion. *Garry.* Yet I wou'd fain believe the continuance

Of it is more her Desire, than his Inclination. That which makes me mistrust him most, is her Knowing we made 'em an Appointment.

Aria. If she were jealous of Mr. Cornwall, she Wou'd not be jealous of Mr. Peverell too; they Both pretend to have receiv'd Letters.

Garry. There is something in it more than we are Able to imagine; time will make it out, I hope. To the Advantage of the Gentlemen.

Aria. I would gladly have it so; for I believe, Shou'd they give us a just cause, we should find it A hard task to have them wrong'd.

Garry. How I love the Song! Wou'd I other day, Since I saw them in the Gallery.

Still the same.

To little or no purpose I spend many days,
In ranging the Park, or Exchange, and the Plays;
For ne'er in my Rambles, till now, did I prove
So lucky to meet with the Man I cou'd love.
Oh! how I am pleas'd, when I think on this Man,
That I find I must love, for now at what I can.

2.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever, when I shou'd be well;
My Passion shall kill me before I will show it;
And yet I shou'd prove all the while he did know it.
But oh, how I sigh, when I think, shou'd he woo me,
I cannot deny when I know you'd undo me!

Aria. Fie, Sister, thou art so wanton.

Garry. I hate to dissemble when I need not;

'Twould look as affected in us to be reserv'd.

Now w^e are alone, as for a Player to maintain

The Character she acts, in the Tying-Room.

Aria. Prithce sing a good Song.

Garry. Now art thou for a melancholy Madrigal,

Compos'd by some amorous Courtier, who

Swears in all Companies he loves his Mistress

So well, that he wou'd not do her the Injury,

Were she willing to grant him the Favour,

And it may be is soot enough to believe he

Wou'd oblige her in keeping his Oath too.

Aria.

The world if she could.

Aria. Well, I will reach thee thy Quilt, out of
The Closet, to take thee off of this Coverlet.
Gatty. I'd rather be a Nun, than a Lover at
Thy rate; Devotion is not able to make
Me half so foolish as Love has made
Thee already.

[*Ariana opens the Closet, Courtall and Freeman come out.*]

Court. Ha, *Freeman*: Is this your Business
With a Lawyer? Here's a new Discovery, Faith!

[*They flourish and run out.*]

Free. Peace, Man, I will satisfy your jealousy
Hereafter! since we have made this lucky
Discovery, let us mind the present business.

[*Courtall and Freeman catch the Ladies, and
bring them back.*]

Court. Nay, Ladies, now we have caught you,
There is no escaping till w' are come to a right
Understanding.

Enter Lady Cockwood, Sir Oliver, and Sentry.

Free. Come, never blush, we are as loving as
You can be for your hearts, I assure you.

Court. Had it not been our good Fortunes to
Have been conceal'd here, you wou'd have
Had ill Nature enough to dissemble with
Us at least a fortnight longer.

La. Cock. What's the matter with you here?
Are you mad, Cousins? Bless me, Mr. *Courtall* and
Mr. *Freeman* in our House at these
Unseasonable hours!

Sir Oliv. Fetch me down my long Sword, *Sentry*,
I lay my Life *Courtall* has been tempting the
Honour of the young Ladies.

La. Cock. Oh, my Dear!

[*She holds him.*]

Gatty. We are almost scared out of our Wits,
My Sister went to reach my Guitar out of the
Closet, and found 'em both shut up there.

La. Cock. Come, come, this will not serve your
Turn; I am afraid you had a Design secretly
To convey 'em into your Chamber: Well,
I will have no more of these doings in my
Family, my Dear; Sir *Justin* shall remove
These Girls to-morrow.

Free. You injure the young Ladies, Madam;
Their Surprise shews their Innocence.

Court. If any body be to blame, it is Mrs. *Sentry*.

Sent. What mean you, Sir? Heaven knows

Court. I am so reasonable, Sir Oliver, that I will
Ask no other Satisfaction for the Injury you
Have done me.

Free. Here's the Letter, Madam.

Aria. Sit down here, do you know this Hand?

Gatty. 'Tis Gatty's.

La. Cock. Oh Heavens! I shall be ruin'd yet.

Gatty. She has been the contriver of all this Mischief.

Court. Nay, now you lay too much to her Charge.

In this; she was but my Lady's Secretary.

Assure you, she has discover'd the whole

Plot to us.

Sent. What does he mean?

La. Cock. Will he betray me at last?

Court. My Lady being in her Nature severely

Vertuous, is, it seems, offended at the innocent

Freedom you take in rambling up and down

By your selves; which made her, out of a

Tenderness to your Reputations, counterfeit

These Letters, in hopes to fright you to that

Reservedness which she approves of.

La. Cock. This has almost redeem'd my Opinion

Of his Honour.

Cousins, the little regard you had to the good

Counsel I gave you, puts me upon this

Business.

Gatty. Pray, Madam, what was it Mrs. Gatty

Told you concerning us?

La. Cock. Nothing, nothing, Cousins: What I told

You of Mr. Courtall, was meer Invention, the better

To carry on my Design for your Good.

Court. Freeman! Pray, what brought you hither?

Free. A kind Summons from her Ladyship.

Court. Why did you conceal it from me?

Free. I was afraid thy peevish Jealousie might

Have destroy'd the design I had of getting an

Opportunity to clear our selves to the

Young Ladies.

Court. Fortune has been our Friend in that

Beyond expectation.

To the Ladies.] I hope, Ladies, you are satisfied

Of our Innocence now.

Gatty. Well, had you been found guilty of the

Letters, we were resolv'd to have counterfeited

Two Contracts under your Hands, and have

Suborn'd Witnesses to swear 'em.

Aria. That had been a full Revenge; for I know

She would be a Wife

They would think it as great a Folly, as to think I should
Thought to have an Inclination to Marriage,
As we shou'd be believ'd willing to take
Our Freedom without it.

Court. The more probable thing, Ladies, had
Been only to pretend a Promise; we have
Now and then Courage enough to venture so far
For a valuable Consideration.

Gatty. The truth is, such expectations, Gentlemen
As you are, seldom mortgage you to a Wife,
Without it be to redeem your Estate.

Court. 'Tis a Mercy we have kept the mischief
So long, and are like to do Penance only for
Our own Sins; most Families are a Wedding
Behind-hand in the World, which makes
So many young Men fool'd into Wives, to pay
Their Fathers Debts: All the Happiness a
Gentleman can desire, is to live at Liberty
Till he be forc'd that way to pay his own.

Frez. Ladies, you know we are not ignorant
Of the good Intentions you have towards Us.
Pray let us treat a little.

Gatty. I hope you are not in so delicate
A Condition, as to have a good Opinion
Of Marriage, are you?

Aria. 'Tis to as little purpose to treat with us,
Of any thing under that, as it is for those kind
Ladies, that have oblig'd you with a valuable
Consideration, to challenge the Performance
Of your Promise.

Sir Oliv. Well, and how, and how, my dear Madam,
Goes the business between you and these Ladies?
Are you like to drive a Bargain?

Court. Faith, Sir Oliver, we are about it.

Sir Oliv. And cannot agree, I warrant you;
They are for having you take a Lease for Life, and you are
For being Tenants at Will, Now, is it not so?

Gatty. These Gentlemen have found it so convenient
Lying in Lodgings, they'll hardly venture on the
Trouble of taking a House of their own.

Court. A pretty Country-Seat, Madam, with a
Handsome Parcel of Land, and other Necessaries
Belonging to't, may tempt us; but for a Town-Tenement,
That has but one poor Convenience,
We are resolv'd we'll never deal.

Sir Oliv. Hark! my Brother Jolly's come home.

A noise of joyful voices.

Aria.

She would if She could.

Asia. Now, Gentlemen, you had best look to
Your selves, and come to an Agreement with us
Quickly: for I'll lay my Life my Uncle has
Brought home a couple of fresh Chapmen,
That will outdo you.

Sir Jos. Hey, Boys!

Enter Sir Isidore with a subject.

SINGS.

[Dance.]

*A Catch and a Glass,
A Fiddle and a Lute,
What more would an honest Man have?
Hang your temperate Sots,
Who would seem what he's not;
'Tis I am wise, he's but grave.*

Sir Jos. What's here, Mr. Courtall and Mr. Freeman!

Sir Oliv. Oh, Man! here has been the prettiest,
The luckiest Discovery on all sides! We are
All good Friends again.

Sir Jos. Hark you, Brother Courtall,

I have got Madam Rampant; Rake-hell and she are without.

Sir Oliv. Oh, Heavens! Dear Brother Josy, send
Her away immediately; my Lady has such an aversion
To a naughty Woman, that she will fly round,
If she does but see her.

Sir Jos. Faith, I was hard put to it, I wanted
A Lover, and rather than I would break my old
Wont, I dress'd up Rampant in a Suit I bought
Of Rake-hell; but since this good Company's here,

I'll send her away. My little Rake-hell, come
Hither; you see here are two powerful Rivals

Therefore for fear of kicking, or a worse disaster,

Take Rampant with you, and begoing quickly

Rake. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Court. You may hereafter spare your self this

Labour, Sir Josy; Mr. Freeman and I have now'd

Our selves humble Servants to these Ladies.

Free. I hope we shall have your Approbation, Sir.

Sir Jos. Nay, if you have a mind to commit

Matrimony, I'll send for a Canonical Sir

Shall dispatch you presently.

Free. You cannot do better.

Court. What think you of taking us in the humour?

Consideration may be your Forerunner.

She would if She could.

La. Cock. Come, Gentlemen, I would you had your Proposition; since you have made your Inclinations, my Sister and I will be content To admit you in the quality of Servants.

Gatty. And if after a Month's experience of your Good Behaviour, upon serious Thoughts, you have Courage enough to engage further, we will accept Of the Challenge, and believe you Men of Honour.

Sir Jos. Well spoke, I faith, Girls; and is it A Match, Boys?

Court. If the Heart of Man be not very deceitful, 'Tis very likely it may be so.

Free. A Month is a tedious time, and will be a Dangerous Tryal of our Resolutions; but I Hope we shall not repent before Marriage. What e'er we do after,

Sir Jos. How stand matters between you and Your Lady, Brother *Cock*? Is there Peace on all sides?

Sir Oly. Perfect Concord, Man; I will tell Thee all that has happen'd since I parted from Thee, when we are alone 'twill make thee laugh Heartily. Never Man was so happy as I am a Vertuous, and a loving Lady.

Sir Jos. Though I have had Sir *Oly* lately This day or two, I hope you will not exclude me The Act of Oblivion, Madam.

La. Cock. The nigh Relation I have to you, And the Respect I know Sir *Oly* has for you, Makes me forget all that has pass'd since I have part. Be not the Occasion of any new Transgression.

Sent. I hope, Mr. *Court*, since my Endeavours To serve you, have ruin'd me in the Opinion of My Lady, you will intercede for a Reconciliation.

Court. Most willingly, Mrs. *Sent*, since things have fallen out so, you must Needs receive your Woman into Favour again.

La. Cock. Her Crime is unpardonable, Sir.

Sent. Upon solemn Protestations, Madam, The Gentlemen's Intentions were honourable, And having Reason to believe the young Ladies Had no Aversion to their Inclinations, I was Of Opinion I should have been ill-natur'd, if I Had not assist'd them in the removing those Difficulties that delay'd their Happiness.

La. Oly. Come, come, Girl, confess how many Guineys press'd upon your easie Nature.

She won't if She could.

Sent. Ten, an't please you, Sir.

Sir Oliver. 'a Life, a Summ able to corrupt an honest Man in Office! Faith, you must forgive her, my Dear.

La. Cock. If it be your pleasure, Sir *Oliver*, I cannot but be obedient.

Sent. If Sir *Oliver*, Madam, shou'd ask me to See this Gold, all may be discover'd yet.

La. Cock. If he does, I will give thee Ten Guineys out of my Cabinet.

Sent. I shall take care to put him upon't; 'Tis fit, that I who have bore all the Blame, Should have some reasonable Reward for't.

Court. I hope, Madam, you will not envy me The Happiness I am to enjoy with your fair Relation.

La. Cock. Your Ingenuity and Goodness, Sir, Have made a perfect Atonement for you.

Court. Pray, Madam, what was your Business With Mr. Freeman?

La. Cock. Only to oblige him to endeavour A Reconciliation between you and Sir *Oliver*; For though I was resolv'd never to see your Face again, it was Death to me to think Your Life was in danger.

Sent. What a miraculous come off is this, Madam!

La. Cock. It has made me so truly sensible of Those dangers, to which an aspiring Lady Must daily expose her Honour, that I am Resolv'd to give over the great Business of This Town, and hereafter modestly

Confine my self to the humble Affairs of my own Family.

Court. 'Tis every pious Resolution, Madam; And the better to confirm you in it, Pray entertain an able Chaplain.

La. Cock. Certainly Fortune was never before So unkind to the Ambition of a Lady.

Sir Jos. Come, Boys, Faith we will have A Dance before we go to bed— Sly-Girl and Mad-Cap, give me your Hands, that I may Give 'em to these Gentlemen, for I shall Join you 'ere long, and then you will have Authority to dance to some purpose: Brother *Cockwood*, Take out your Lady, I am for Mrs. *Sentry*.

*We'll foot it, and side it, my pretty little Miss,
And when we are weary we'll lye down and list.*

Play away, Boys.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Now, my dear, how shall I love thee
As I should love thee, if I were
A man, Expecting to be married
As well as thou art now.
For, which, let us differ, but in name
You'd never could find the pleasure of
From this of Me, when a Man, I should
Gaily, Marrying in this House, as I
As I should in your Church.
And, as I should, a proof of love
And, as I should, a proof of love
So, I, Never trouble your Heart further
Since I perceive you are all agreed on the
Matter, let me alone to begin the Ceremony
Come, Gentlemen, lead 'em to their Chambers
Brother Groom, do you show the way
With your Lady.
Ha, Mrs. Sower!

ACT IV

I give my Love a great Groom
I'll marry, I think, of May,
And down she falls as naturally
As a Tumbler does on Flies.
Now, Boys, Lead away, Boys.
Oh, Give me thy Hand, my Vertuous, my Dear
Henceforward may our mutual Loves
And when we are a Man, I should

FINIS